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TO-MORROW.

BY OLIVE BELL.

To-day we stand in patient waiting
For a morrow Heaven born,
For a dawn whose glorious breaking
Shall unfold a brighter morn;
Usher in some great to-morrow,
Usher in some day of rest,
In which our feet shall touch the portals
Of the mansions of the blest.

And with hands supinely idle,
Lips that neither plead nor pray,
Sit we down and watch the beacon
That points out the better way;
Points us out the unseen blessings,
Points us out the good undone
That shall meet us on the morning
That we stand before His throne.

Cries of hunger, need or sorrow
That assailed our careless ear,
Words of counsel or contrition
We refused to heed or hear,
For our eyes were looking outward
From the casements of to-day,
To another, when, as Christians,
We should labor, watch and pray.

But the sun, in beauteous setting,
And the morn, in radiance born,
Touched us with the solemn splendor
Of the holy-browed First-born;
Yet each noble thought and yearning,
Each redeeming word and deed
Lies within the darkened glory
Of our heart's unstable creed.

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

THE LIGHT FELL FULL ON HER FACE. SHE UTTERED A FAINT CRY, HE STAGGERED, AND EAGERLY MUTTERED, "BERTHA."

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED).

When both were seated, Sir William said:

"I dare say you wonder why I brought you here; and yet you can probably form some idea. Well, it is to talk about Andrew. When did you last hear from him?"

"Twelve days ago."

"Where was he then?"

Armstrong hesitated, but replied:

"At Carlisle."

"Still in that part of the country? Now, James Armstrong, you are his friend and confidant, and I ask you what is the meaning of his strange conduct during the last twelve months?"

"As his friend and confidant, you must excuse my answering your question," was the gentle but firm reply.

"That is just the answer I expected," replied his host, irritably. "And you think you are best serving the interest of your friend by aiding and abetting him in some monstrous folly, and keeping all knowledge of it from those who—who—well, who ought to know it?"

"What would you have done at my age, placed in my position, sir?" asked Armstrong, quietly.

"Well, I suppose I should have been as great a fool as you are!" burst out Sir William, after a moment's consideration. "But that has nothing to do with the point at issue. I am not your age; I am not in your position; I am Andrew's nearest relative; I have a right to know the meaning of his conduct—and, what is more, I will! I have written to him repeatedly to come here, but he always contrives some excuse to put me off. Now I know that there is a woman at the bottom of the business; and you are aware of it, and can't deny it."

Armstrong hung his head, but made no reply.

"I said you could not deny it!" cried Sir William, triumphantly. "And now who is she?"

"But really, sir, this is too bad," said Armstrong, very much embarrassed. "You put me in the painful position of either telling deliberate falsehoods, or betraying Andrew's confidence."

"Pshaw! I have seen what young men's confidences are; the best service you can do them is to betray them! Now come, Armstrong, I mean to get to the bottom of this affair. Is this love-business serious? He's not married, is he?"

"Oh, no!"

"So far, so good. Is he likely to be?"

"I think not."

"What grounds have you for thinking so?"

"Well, she ran away—that is to say, she is not to be found," answered Armstrong, with confusion.

"Very much obliged to her, I am sure; she has risen in my estimation through your information. And I suppose the young gentleman is running about seeking her? Yes, that's it, is it not?"

"Well—ye-es."

"Come now, Armstrong, let us have no more beating about the bush—make a clean breast of it. It's all over with the secret. You have told me the main thing; all the rest is merely detail. Now don't hesitate any longer; Andrew shall never hear from me that you have given the slightest hint. Be plain now; luncheon will be served in half an hour, and I shall require a little time to digest the story before I attack the edibles."

"But, indeed, sir, it is too bad to force me."

"Now don't lose time, there's a dear fellow; you'll have to tell all before you leave this room, therefore what is the use of so many superfluous words?"

Armstrong looked pitiably confused—Sir William serene and obdurate. Armstrong hemmed once or twice, and then disclosed Andrew's love-story from beginning to end.

Sir William listened with the deepest attention and with ever-increasing interest, but without interrupting the narrative by any remark. When it was finished, the stern expression of his features had softened, and he fell into a meditation, which lasted several minutes.

"And what is your opinion about the affair?" he asked, suddenly turning upon Armstrong. "I mean, what is your opinion about the girl—do you think she was deceiving Andrew all the time?"

Armstrong paused.

"I should not like to pronounce an opinion upon that," he answered, cautiously. "But I warned Andrew from the first against such an infatuation."

"Yes, we are all good at advice to our neighbors," remarked Sir William, with asperity, as he rose from his seat and strode about.

Armstrong looked astonished at this unexpected change of tone.

"Such advice is considered at least prudent by the majority of people in our position of life, Sir William," he retorted, coldly.

"Quite right, Mr. Armstrong—quite right; so it is, and I perfectly approve of it," the baronet said, reseating himself. "And so Andrew has, ever since, been seeking his lost love?"

"Ever since!"

"The infatuation was indeed powerful to last so long. But he must not waste his life in such folly—he must be weaned at once. I shall send for him to come home without delay—peremptorily order him to do so."

"You will not inform him of my unwilling disclosures——"

"Have no fear of that. I shall resort to the same measures with him that I have pursued with you—make him criminate himself. So much for that part of the business. Let us now change the subject, and turn to another which more nearly concerns yourself."

Armstrong stared.

"I have remarked, and others have remarked, that you have shown such a decided preference for my eldest niece, that people begin to couple your names together. Now I want to know whether this is mere passing admiration for a pretty woman, or whether it is love-making."

"Really, Sir William, your question is so unexpected——" stammered Armstrong.

"My questions usually are; but they get at the gist of the matter quicker than those for which preparation has been made."

Armstrong did not answer; he seemed at a loss what to say.

"She has good blood in her veins," continued his interrogator, keenly glancing at him; "but her father is very poor."

"Poverty would make no difference to my affections," answered Armstrong, slightly recovering himself.

"There! what did I tell you about advice to your neighbors?" queried Sir William, smiling. "Still, you have not answered my question."

Again Armstrong hung his head, and seemed to think; and once more his host regarded him with deep scrutiny.

"Have you never thought over the subject before?" he asked, drily.

"I admire Miss Cleveland very much—may say more than any young lady whom I have ever associated."

And you would be willing to marry her provided the match was agreeable to our friends and hers?" interrupted Sir William.

I should consider myself highly honored, and most happy, in such an alliance," was the reply, after an almost imperceptible hesitation.

Good!—that is the point I want to arrive at. And you have every belief that such an union would not be distasteful to the young lady herself?"

Really, I have not presumed to speak to her upon—"

No, no; I dare say not; but the world must be greatly changed since my young days if you cannot tell whether a girl loves or does not care for you." There was a touch of sarcasm in his tone. "It let us come to the point at once. If believed that the match would prove distasteful to my niece, I should not have thought of mentioning it. On the other hand, did I find your views were not inclined in that direction, I should not have introduced the subject to you. The attention, however, you have shown her, at different times, and her evident predilection for your society, has been quite sufficient to justify the comments of the world, and I cannot permit my sister's child to be spoken lightly of. As you are aware of her circumstances, I may tell you I am prepared to give her a portion of five thousand pounds. Now you can go and talk the matter over with the young lady herself, and let me have your report to-morrow morning.—That young man's an icicle," he muttered, when he was alone. "But he would be a very good match for Harriet, who is not likely to find a better."

CHAPTER VI.

JAMES ARMSTRONG UNFOLDS HIS VIEWS TO HARRIET CLEVELAND.

Upon leaving Sir William, Armstrong went in search of Harriet Cleveland, and found her in the garden plucking flowers for a bouquet.

"I have news for you," he said. "Let us talk through the shrubbery."

With an inquiring look, but no word, she rose from her stooping posture and followed his lead. He did not speak until he was out of the open part of the grounds, and in a narrow, serpentine walk, bounded on each side by a high hedge and overhanging trees.

"What do you think your uncle has proposed to me?" he said, abruptly.

"What?" she inquired, eagerly.

"That I should make you my wife," he answered.

She uttered an exclamation of mingled surprise and pleasure.

"And what reply did you make?" she asked, eagerly.

"Nothing is arranged positively."

Her countenance fell.

"Indeed, lovers are seldom backward when the ladies' friends propose," she said, with some bitterness in her tone.

He did not answer for a moment, but strolled on thoughtfully. At length he said:

"We have known each other now somewhere about eighteen months. During this time I have been carefully studying your character."

"I hope it was fortunate enough to gain your approval?" she interrupted, sarcastically.

"It was," he answered.

"Thank you," she replied, making a low obeisance.

"This is not the spirit in which I would have you listen to me," he said, gravely. Then resumed: "I soon found that ambition was the salient passion of your mind; that you hated poverty, and eagerly desired wealth and luxury; that to this passion all was subservient. Nay, I liked you none the less for it. I saw, beyond this, that you had a strong, practical mind; that you would not be a mere toy wife, whose only virtue is blind love for her husband and her children; but a partner and a companion, an adviser and an assistant in the great affairs of life. Such are the qualities I had determined to find in my wife. I think I have found them in you."

He paused. But Harriet, whose bitter, mortified look softened beneath the last words, remaining silent, he resumed.

"I do not think that my father will gainsay my choice. He will, I believe, view it in the same light as myself. We have wealth—we want position."

"Then it is not I you should choose for a wife," she rejoined, scornfully. "What position can the daughter of a poor half-pay officer give you?"

"It is not on your father's, but your mother's side, I look for that," was the significant reply.

"You will find but little there. Sir William thinks nothing of me. He may give me a thousand or two as a wedding dower—nothing more."

"But there are, or might be, contingencies," he said slowly, looking at her intently.

"I do not understand you, sir," she replied, with cold indifference.

"Well, it is impossible to say what may be done with prudence and management. There is no reason why all this fine property should not come into your hands—or, I would say, into the hands of yourself and another."

For the first time during the conversation, a look of interest began to dawn upon her countenance.

"Had you any meaning for the words you spoke to your sister about Andrew a little time back?" he asked, with marked emphasis.

"I am sure I can't say."

She turned away her head and plucked some leaves off the bushes.

"If we could bring about such an union?"

"Never! it shall never be!" she cried, turning almost fiercely upon him.

He stared at her amazedly for a moment, and then said, dryly:

"I understand. You have entertained hopes in that quarter yourself."

A deep blush mounted to her temples, and she moved away, saying, "You are insulting, Mr. Armstrong!"

"I am not," he answered, lightly detaining her by the wrist. "I am only plain-spoken. If it can be brought about, it must be. Our stronger minds would rule those two weaker ones, and——"

"And my sister would be mistress here at Marney, while I should be only a merchant's wife, a humble attendant, a——Never! never!" she answered, bitterly. "You like plain speaking; I give it to you!"

"Quite right; you will never offend me by that," was the quick rejoinder. "I think I comprehend you better now. You have had no attachment for your cousin?"

"Attachment for *him!*" she replied, disdainfully; "I hate him!"

Armstrong's face brightened.

"You need not go so far as *to hate*. We have always been good friends, and I have no wish to do him any injury."

"But what put the idea of this matter into your head?"

"A chance word of Sir William's, the last time I was here. We were standing at the billiard-room window, looking out upon the lawn. The Gibbs's were here, and you were all playing croquet. Sophie was looking remarkably pretty that morning, flushed by exercise and the interest of the game. He followed her with his gaze for several minutes, and said at last, in his blunt way, "If I were young, and not her uncle, I should fall in love with that girl. I cannot understand that boy Andrew being insensible to so many charms. It would not be an inappropriate match, would it?" But before I could reply he changed the subject."

"Oh, yes; Sophie was always his pet," said Harriet bitterly.

"Why should that concern us, if we can turn it to our own advantage—if out of this weakness we can constitute ourselves the real, not the nominal rulers of Marney? Are you willing to aid me in at least the endeavor to bring this about? Do not misjudge me. I will prove a better husband to you than your demonstrative lover, who adores an imaginary woman, and soon becomes indifferent to the real one. The interests, the aims, the objects of man and wife should be identical, such at least are my ideas of matrimony, into which I would enter under no other circumstances."

He uttered the last words with unmistakable emphasis.

"I comprehend," she answered with a curling lip; "your wife must be your tool, your slave; with no idea, no will of her own."

"No; my wife must be my companion, my confidant, my adviser, capable of entering into all my plans, and of furthering them."

With this he drew her towards him, observing, "You are vexed, out of temper; you must think over all I have said, and weigh my remarks well, and then I am certain your own strong common sense will be my best apologist. Let us meet here to-morrow morning at eleven; we shall then be able to discuss the subject more temperately."

A few moments afterwards they separated.

Harriet did not appear at luncheon that day; she was locked in her room, bathed in tears. She was ambitious, selfish, hard, but still she was a woman; and, as such, she felt mortified, humiliated, stung to the quick by the matter-of-fact *terms* in which James Armstrong had proposed to her to become his wife. There was a hard struggle—rebellion in her heart—that prompted her to reject him with scorn, and never look upon his face again; but—ay, there was a but—it was her home, with its genteel poverty and penurious economies. Better to stoop to humiliation—to anything, so she thought—rather than to remain there.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. JAMES ARMSTRONG EXPLAINS HIMSELF TO HIS FATHER.

The next morning, James Armstrong had a second interview with Sir William, in which, by expressing the great delight he felt at the honor done him by the proposed match with Miss Harriet Cleveland in the most exuberant terms, he endeavored to make up for his hesitation of the previous day.

"And now, Sir William," he added, "I think I had better start for London directly, and acquaint my father with these events."

"Decidedly; and I will write to him at once, so that the letter shall arrive almost as soon as you. In a day or two, Mr. Cleveland shall also write; but he is a slow man, who does not like to hurry. I need not say that you will find no opposition from him. May we expect as much from your father, Mr. Armstrong?"

"He will only be too flattered by the honor," replied his son.

"Very well. You must explain to him that my nieces are, as it were, under my guardianship; otherwise, he may be surprised at my usurping the place of the young lady's father in these arrangements."

The young man promised to explain everything, and then took his leave; and after a brief interview with Harriet, in which the little disagreement of the previous day was amicably adjusted, and all things arranged to mutual satisfaction, he started for town.

Mr. John Armstrong, of the firm of Armstrong and Co., sugar brokers, Mincing Lane, City, resided in Russell Square, and it was there, that about six o'clock James Armstrong arrived. He found his father at his solitary dinner, for he was a widower, and James was his only child.

Mr. Armstrong was a little, weazened, dried up man, with a shrewd face, who formed a remarkable contrast to his powerfully-built and rather aristocratic-looking son, of whom he was intensely proud.

"Ah, James, my boy!" was the salute, as the young man entered the room; "I am so glad you have come! You have not had your dinner, of course? Just touch the bell for another plate."

Having done which, the father said, when they were again alone, "And now tell me what has brought you back so suddenly and unexpectedly?"

"An event of great importance. I am going to be married."

"Going to be married!—to whom?"

"To the niece of Sir William Marney. You have heard me speak of Miss Harriet Cleveland? Well, that is the lady."

The old gentleman looked bewildered, for James had never breathed a hint of such an intention, although he had often talked of and given satirical descriptions of the domestic economy of the Cleveland family.

"Well, I can't see that you have done much good for yourself in consenting to marry the daughter of a beggarly half-pay officer, who hasn't a penny to bless himself with——"

"There you are wrong, sir," interrupted his son; "Sir William will give her a dowry of five thousand on her marriage morning."

"What's five thousand?" interrupted the old man, contemptuously. "Why, there's Jenkins, the tallow merchant's daughter, will have at least twenty thousand, and you could have her for the asking."

"It is not money I want, father, but position," said James, emphatically. "We have sprung from nothing, and everybody knows it; and people look down upon us, even those who eat our bread. When I was at college, the fellows tolerated me because I had plenty of money; they tried to fleece me, and when they found I was not a gull, they sneered at and cut me, all except Andrew Marney, who was a good-natured spoon, and somehow took a fancy to me, because I was so very different to him, I suppose." He took me home with him to the Hall during the vacation, and I met with quite a cordial reception from his uncle. It was there I saw Harriet Cleveland and her parents; I very quickly set them down in my mind for what they were—husband hunters—and to enjoy the sport of watching their game, I showed some little attention to the girl. I had seen but little of female society, but I very soon discovered that I had fallen across a somewhat remarkable specimen of the sex—a woman of strong mind, keen intellect, powerful ambition—one who would be a man's other self, and would work indefatigably for his fortune and his interests. Yet still, as you say, she was poor, and although of good family, I could not exactly see how I could advance my fortune by marrying her.

"During my visit, Mr. Coombe, the family solicitor, came down to the Hall to transact some legal business for Sir William, which detained him there several days. I soon discovered that this gentleman was very fond of lingering over his port after dinner, and that the wine had the effect of making him talkative and confidential. Sir William was very abstemious, and rose as soon as the cloth was removed, and Andrew usually followed his example. Thus myself and Mr. Coombe were once or twice left *tete-a-tete*. As I hold that all knowledge is useful, and that we can never know too much of a friend's business, I contrived to lead the conversation in a certain direction, until I got a pretty correct view of his client's affairs. One very important fact he revealed in a moment of vinous confidence, which I am certain he would have given a good round sum to recall the next morning; and that was that, contrary to the universal belief, the Marney estate *was not*

entailed, and that it could be left by Sir William to any member of the family whom he might select."

Young Armstrong paused for a moment and then resumed:

"Although I did not see at the time how this could in any way affect me, as there was not the slightest shadow of doubt of Andrew being his heir, I could not help treasuring up this discovery as a piece of valuable information. After this came the excursion to the Lakes, and Andrew's foolish love-affair, of which I have told you before; still, I regarded all this as a mere youthful infatuation, which would wear off in a few weeks, and bestowed no further thought upon it. But when, after the girl's flight, I found how mistaken I was in my calculations, I began to speculate as to in what light his uncle would regard this unsatisfactory state of affairs. In the midst of such musings, while my plans were yet indigested, I received, a day or two ago, as you are aware, a letter from Sir William, inviting me to the Hall for a few days. I guessed at once the invitation had reference to Andrew. So far, I was right. But imagine my surprise when he bluntly demanded to know what were my intentions towards his niece, and whether I proposed to marry her!"

"You have always been something of a favorite with him, haven't you?" interrupted Mr. Armstrong, who had been listening to his son's narrative with the keenest interest.

"He has always treated me with marked favor. At first I was so confused by this unexpected proposition, that I knew not what to answer. Indeed, I may say that I lost my presence of mind. A few moments' solitary reflection, was sufficient to develop a rapidly-formed plan in my mind. First of all, however, it was necessary to discover how far I had judged aright the character of my proposed wife, and whether she would be willing to assist me in my proposed schemes. This was my first care. I found something more of feminine weakness than I expected; but a second interview was sufficiently satisfactory."

"And what are your plans?" inquired Mr. Armstrong, eagerly.

"As they are revealed to Miss Harriet Cleveland—to bring about a match between Andrew and her younger sister, and by that means gain that influence over both which stronger minds can ever achieve over the weaker. Andrew, I feel convinced, will refuse to entertain such a match, and will continue his vague search after his lost inamorata. His uncle will become exasperated——"

"And then the youngster will give way," interposed Mr. Armstrong.

"I think not. But even should he feel disposed to do so, means would have to be found to prevent such a purpose."

"Your plot seems to me to be a very far-fetched one—very much too complicated, and not at all likely to succeed," answered his father, shaking his head.

"Well, we shall see," observed James. "But you will receive a letter from Sir William by this evening's post."

The entrance of a footman, bearing a letter in his hand, prevented Mr. Armstrong's reply.

"It is doubtless the letter," said James.

"Yes; it bears the Windsor post-mark, and——" Mr. Armstrong paused abruptly, and began to curiously examine the superscription.

"What is the matter? What are you looking at?" asked his son.

"This handwriting," answered his father, musing. "It seems familiar to me."

"That must be fancy, as it is not at all probable a letter from Sir William has ever passed through your hands before."

Mr. Armstrong made no reply. He seemed lost in thought, and still gazed fixedly upon the envelope without breaking the seal.

"Had you not better read the contents, father?" said James, a little impatiently.

The old man broke open the envelope, unfolded the note within, and read it, but his thoughts were not with the words therein inscribed; and long after he had finished the perusal of the few brief but polite lines, his eyes still remained fixed upon them.

His son regarded him with a half-impatient curiosity. "Allow me to look at it," he said, at length.

His father handed him the note, but again took up the envelope, and scanned every letter upon it with the most minute attention. Suddenly, a memory seemed to dawn upon him. Without uttering a word, however, he rose, and hurried from the room.

He was absent several minutes, during which his son was lost in vain conjectures as to the cause of this strange behavior. When he returned to the room, he brought back with him an old, worn, discolored letter, the writing of which he immediately began to compare with that of the envelope.

"You are younger than me," he said, in a voice of great agitation; "examine these two superscriptions. Would you not say they were written by the same man?"

After upwards of a minute's careful scrutiny, the young man said, "I should decidedly say so; it seems to me, allowing for the number of years which have elapsed between the penning of the two, that they are identical."

Mr. Armstrong sank back in his chair, pale, and trembling. "This is wonderfully strange," he ejaculated. "I have been seeking the writer of this letter"—striking the old one—"for eighteen years, and could never obtain the slightest clue to him."

"But did you not remember the name?" inquired his son, who began to manifest great interest in the strange business.

"I never knew the name," he answered.

"But what is the nature of this connection—this——"

"Do not ask me now. I cannot explain. I will see this man. I will start for Windsor to-morrow," he cried, pacing excitedly up and down the room.

"Stay; remember my affairs. Let no old offences or grudges interfere with those," said James, laying his hand upon his father's arm, and speaking with emphasis.

"Right," answered Mr. Armstrong, quickly. "I have waited eighteen years, and can wait a little longer, and my revenge may be brought about in a way I never dreamed of. Leave me for a little time now. I must sit down and collect my thoughts. Come to me again in an hour, and I will tell you all, and we will then discuss together the best means of investigating the truth of my conjecture."

James quitted the room, in much amazement.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANDREW AND HIS UNCLE.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following that upon which the conversation related in the first chapter took place, a hired conveyance drove up to Marney Hall, out of which alighted a gentleman of about one-and-twenty years of age, with tall, slim figure, fair, curling hair, and delicately fair complexion; slight beard, handsome, regular features, and dark blue eyes. There was a worn look upon the countenance, as though he had been suffering from recent illness or from some severe affliction. This was Andrew Marney.

"Is my uncle within, Jennings?" he inquired of the footman who answered his summons.

"He is at dinner, sir," answered the man, smiling a welcome, for Andrew was a great favorite at the Hall, on account of his good temper and generosity to all the dependants—"but he will see you sir."

"Who is with him?"

"Only the Misses Cleveland. Mr. Armstrong has been here; but he went away yesterday?"

"Gone, is he?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will go into the library and wait until my uncle has finished dinner, as I should prefer meeting him alone. You need not tell him I am here until then."

In about half an hour Andrew heard his uncle's well-known step approaching the library, and the next moment his hand was clasped in kindly welcome.

"Delighted to see you, my dear boy; but you are looking very ill and harrassed. What has been the matter, and why have you kept away all this time?"

"I—I found the bracing air of the north agree with me," answered Andrew, coloring.

"I should not have thought it by looking at you," was the dry response.

Andrew made no reply.

Sir William leaned back in his easy chair and gazed steadfastly upon his nephew's face—a scrutiny very embarrassing to the young man. "Andrew," he said, presently, "I had a particular motive in sending for you, and as I hate procrastination, when I have once formed a purpose, I like to put it into execution. Therefore, I shall at once inform you what my motive is. It is now ten years since your father, on his deathbed, confided you to my guardianship, and I promised to take his place, as far as possible, and be a father to you. I have tried to keep my word."

"And you have, sir," exclaimed Andrew, warmly; "you have been to me all that the most affectionate of fathers could be."

"A lonely old bachelor, without any children of my own, perhaps I should take little credit upon myself for all this," he said, with a touch of sadness in his tone. "Bachelorhood is all very well in your youth, but when you find your chief comfort in the chimney corner, you begin to think it would be all the better if a wife were sitting opposite you, and sons and daughters gathering about your chair. Such shall never be your feelings, if I can help it; and, as I believe in early marriages, I have found a wife for you, that I think cannot fail to meet your approval."

It would be impossible to describe the consternation that came over Andrew's face at his uncle's observations.

Sir William kept his own studiously averted, and waited a reply; but none coming, he resumed, "What do you say to your cousin, Sophie Cleveland?"

"Sophie Cleveland!" ejaculated Andrew, faintly, and in a tone of much amazement.

"Yes," resumed Sir William, still avoiding even to look in his nephew's direction. "I have watched the development of her disposition during the last two or three years with considerable interest. She is good-tempered, gentle, affectionate, domesticated, and is, I think, every way suitable to make an admirable wife for any man who could appreciate her good qualities; while, as far as personal attractions go, I am sure there is nothing more to be desired."

"But this is so sudden; she is the last person in the world I should——" faltered Andrew.

"And why so?" interrupted his uncle, somewhat sharply. "Do you object to her because she is poor, and is not a fashionable lady, all millinery and no heart? Do you expect to find happiness in such a partner? Look you, I am an old-fashioned country gentleman, as my father was before me, and as I wish my heir to be after me."

"You mistake, my dear sir; that is not my objection," interrupted Andrew, eagerly.

"Then what is your objection?" asked his uncle, quickly, facing him for the first time.

Andrew stopped short, and flushed.

"For the second time, I ask, what is your objection?" asked his uncle, imperatively. "The young lady's birth is equal to your own; you cannot deny her virtues, or her personal attractions."

"I fully appreciate both, sir, believe me; and—and had you made such a proposition to me some eighteen months ago, I should have been proud to have availed myself of it."

"And what has taken place during the last eighteen months to so entirely change your views?" inquired Sir William, tartly.

"I have met some one to whom I have pledged myself!" answered Andrew, with the boldness of desperation.

"I guessed as much," said his uncle, coolly. "Doubtless some fashionable London lady, who would pull down the old Hall, and raise a fine new stucco mansion in its place—who would play ducks and drakes with the old proprietor's money?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir!" interrupted Andrew. "The lady I speak of is of poor and humble parentage."

"And you have entered into an engagement with such a person without my knowledge, and without breathing even a hint to me upon the matter?" said his uncle, severely. "I ask you, Andrew Marney, is that right?"

"It is not sir!" he replied emphatically.

And the first and most difficult part of the confession made, he now spoke clearly and without embarrassment; telling the whole story of his meeting with Bertha, and his subsequent engagement; his receipt of the forged telegram, but when he came to relate how, upon his return to Cumberland, he found that his betrothed had disappeared, his words and tone again became confused, for he felt how impossible it was to convey to a hostile listener his own unalterable conviction that Bertha was not a free agent in this flight.

"I have now told you everything, sir," he said, in conclusion. "Since I have sufficiently recovered from my illness, I have used unceasing efforts to obtain some clue to this extraordinary mystery, as yet without the slightest result. I cannot for a moment expect you to see it in the same light as myself. You never saw, Bertha, and no words can convey subtle impressions upon which our judgment of character depends. But I believe that she has been the victim of a foul conspiracy, and is as innocent of wrong as an infant in the cradle!"

There was a long pause, which was broken at length by Sir William Marney.

"And now, sir," he said, sternly, "without entering into any discussion of the causes of the young person's flight—putting that question altogether aside—I ask you, what is your opinion of your conduct towards me?"

"No word you can apply to it, sir, is too bad," was the ready response. "I admit that it has been ungrateful, deceitful—what you will; but, ah, sir, could I but have introduced her to you—could you but have seen her, known her——"

"And what are your present intentions?" asked his uncle, abruptly interrupting this fervid panegyric.

"I am resolved to discover her," was the firm reply. "I am determined to penetrate this mystery; and if, as I believe from my heart, she is irreproachable, I will make her my wife! On the other hand—which I can scarcely allow myself to admit even for argument—if she should prove unworthy, I will renounce her forever; but until that is proved, no other can find a place in my thoughts! Do not construe these words, I beseech you, into a defiance of your authority, sir; but I would not add to my other offences against you the crime of hypocrisy!"

"Had you contracted such a disgraceful *mesalliance* as you contemplated," said Sir William, in a cold, hard voice, "you would never have darkened my doors from the hour in which it came to my knowledge! Were you to do so hereafter, you would find me yet more inflexible. I know you and everybody else think this estate is rigidly entailed. You are mistaken. It cannot be willed out of the family, but I can leave it to any member I choose. I have a sister, and I have nieces. Have a care, sir!"

The threat had no influence on the convictions of the nephew, and he proudly and firmly replied, "If my fear of displeasing you, sir, would not deter my purpose, no selfish interest would."

"You had better take time to reconsider your decision."

"I have considered——"

"Silence, sir, and leave the room!" exclaimed his uncle, angrily.

Andrew bowed respectfully, and quitted the library without another word.

An hour afterwards a letter was placed in Sir William's hand; he immediately recognized his nephew's writing, and broke the seal with some anxiety. The note ran thus:

"My Dear Uncle—Under present circumstances, I feel I cannot longer remain beneath your roof. I have a destiny to fulfill, from which, come what may, I am determined not to shrink. I cannot foresee the end; but even although your anger against me should endure forever, my gratitude and love for you can never diminish. And so, praying that every blessing and happiness may attend you,

"I remain,

"Your affectionate nephew,

"Andrew Marney."

"The headstrong, infatuated fool; he will bitterly repent this!" muttered Sir William, passionately tearing the letter to shreds.

CHAPTER IX.

UNEXPECTED MEETINGS.

Never in his life had Andrew Marney felt so forlorn, so purposeless, as when he quitted his uncle's roof. Dark and dreary was the future that lay before him; he had offended his best friend; he had forsaken his home—and for what? To pursue a hopeless quest? If it were without promise, why did the thought cling to him like an instinct? That he and his lost love would once more meet, he firmly believed; and this feeling so overmastered every other, that all which once had been the very dearest treasures of his life became as naught to him when balanced against it.

Pondering thus, the train arrived at Paddington. It was dark, and the lamps were lit. As he alighted he saw a figure quitting another carriage some three or four below his. Was he dreaming, or was it indeed the mysterious dumb man whom he persistently associated with Bertha's disappearance?

It was he! There was no mistaking that dark, sinister face, with its black beard.

Andrew's first impulse was to rush forward and seize him; his second, to draw back behind the crowd of passengers and watch his movements. The one would have been folly, as what possible charge could he bring against him, and what, under such vague circumstances, could he do with a dumb man?—but by dogging his steps he could find out his whereabouts.

Quite unconscious of being watched, the stranger crossed the platform to the cab stand and jumped into a Hansom.

Andrew engaged another a little above.

"Follow that cab just moving out of the rank," he said, rapidly, to the cabman. "Don't lose sight of it, and you shall have a sovereign above your fare."

"Right you are, sir!"

Away they went, at a rapid pace, across the Edgeware Road, thence in the direction of the Marylebone Road, down which they sped.

At the junction of Tottenham Court Road there was a block, and the stranger's cab contrived to get a little before the second.

Another moment, and Andrew would have sprung out and followed upon foot.

"It's all right, sir; Jim has had the office," said Jarvis. "If he's got to turn off anywhere he'll find some excuse to pull up."

Free at last; then down the Euston Road at a rapid pace, until the cab with the yellow body and red wheels was once more in sight. Past the gloomy King's Cross Station, up Pentonville Hill, past the Angel, and on to the Essex Road. At the corner of Peabody Square the foremost cab stopped so suddenly that the second was unable to pull up within a dozen yards of it. Before Andrew could recover from his surprise at this sudden movement, the man whom he had been following sprang out and darted quickly down the narrow turning that led to the square.

As rapidly as he could Andrew took a sovereign from his purse, and some loose silver from his pocket, and thrust them into the cabman's hand, rushing away in the direction in which he had seen the dumb man disappear. Quick as he sped down the narrow, dirty lane, looking eagerly ahead for his man, the latter had nearly a minute's start of him—a great consideration to a quick walker. Presently Andrew found himself at the end of the lane, in the New North Road, without seeing a vestige of the object of his search.

Had he a suspicion that he was watched? Had he eluded him?

The thought made him frantic, and he could scarcely restrain himself from giving vent to some extravagant exhibition of feeling in the street. He stood still for a moment, and looked wistfully up and down.

Suddenly he fancied that he caught sight of a figure resembling the one for which he was in search, upon the opposite side of the road, about a hundred yards in advance. He hurried eagerly in that direction, and, by the light of a lamp, saw that his suspicions were correct.

Inwardly determining that he should not again elude him, Andrew dogged the man's steps at the nearest safe distance. Round the corner, into the Dowman Road, and then on at a swift pace, until he suddenly turned down one of the innumerable roads that branch out of the thoroughfare.

Andrew crossed to the opposite side and crept along stealthily.

Never once had the man looked round. He seemed to be quite unconscious of being followed. At the end of the street was a large, brilliantly-lit public house. He turned into one of the bars. In the shadow upon the opposite side of the road, Andrew walked up and down, nervously watching for his egress. Many minutes passed away. People went in and out, but not the one he waited for.

Through the bar windows he saw the clock. Fifteen minutes since he entered. Andrew began to grow uneasy, and yet he was quite certain the man had not come out. But should there be other entrances? At that thought, he hurried across the road, determined at all hazards to ascertain whether or not he was still within the bar. He opened the door through which he had seen him disappear, and looked in. He was not there. In great agitation he pushed the other doors, and glanced into each compartment. He whom he sought was in none of them.

He went back to the first, and inquired of the barmaid serving there if she had remarked a dark man, with full black beard, about a quarter of an hour before.

She answered, pertly, that she did not remember, and turned away. Andrew was about to hurry out, crestfallen, when a man who was drinking there said:

"Yes, there was such an one here a few minutes ago. Don't you remember?" speaking to the barmaid—"he was dumb, and talked to you with his fingers?"

"That is he!" cried Andrew, eagerly. "How long has he left?"

"Oh, he didn't stop a minute," replied the man. "Miss, here, let him through into the parlor behind. I suppose he is there now."

"He is not!" answered the girl, reddening with vexation. "He went out to the stables; I dare say you will find him there!"

Andrew scarcely waited for the last words. While walking up and down the street he had remarked a livery yard upon one side of the public house. In another instant he was there. A stable man washing a dog-cart by the light of a lantern was the only person in sight.

"Is a gentleman with a dark beard—a dumb gentleman—here?" inquired Andrew, with evident agitation.

"A what?" asked the man, shortly, without discontinuing his occupation.

Andrew repeated his description more circumstantially.

"Haven't seen him," was the curt reply.

"But he was here a quarter of an hour ago," cried Andrew, impatiently.

"Was he? then he ain't here now. If you doubt me, go and look for yourself."

The man broke into a whistle.

"If you can afford me any information as to where that person is to be found, I will give you a sovereign," said Andrew.

The washer suspended his whistle, dropped his cloth, and looked up sharply, as though he half believed the offer to be a hoax. But the earnestness of Andrew's face was unmistakable.

"Well, there was such a person here just now, but he's gone," he said, slowly.

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Just along here, in the Church Road," the fellow reluctantly replied.

"What number?"

"Suppose you just tip us the quid before we goes any further," said the man, with a leer.

Andrew, who in his present state of excitement would have given away every farthing he possessed on the chance of the vaguest information, handed him over the sovereign.

"Well, I can't tell you the exact number, but I can describe the house so that you can't miss it," said the man, pocketing the coin.

The description obtained, Andrew hurried away. He had not gone far, when he remembered that he had omitted one very important question—the name of the man he sought, of which he had no knowledge. Should he go back and inquire, or seek the house?

He was standing underneath a gas-lamp, and just as he turned to retrace his steps, a woman passed so close to him that the skirt of her dress brushed his legs. The light fell full upon her face. She uttered a faint cry. He staggered, and eagerly muttered:

"Bertha!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ridicule.—Remember, that the talent of turning people into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of small minds and ungenerous tempers. A young person with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. So said Addison, long ago, and it is as true to-day as ever.

THE BOY WRECKER;

OR,

THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Romance of Sea and Shore.

BY

Col. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

Author of "The Cuban Patriot," "The Masked Spy," "Tracked Through Life," "The Skeleton Corsair," "The Boy Pilot," "The Surf Angel," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

When the morning broke over sea and island, the sun arose in a cloudless sky, and the waves were rapidly subsiding after their wild fury of the night before.

Some six miles off of Wreckers' Island, the brig-of-war was cruising under easy canvas, her officers and crew eagerly gazing landward, and congratulating themselves upon their escape through the courage of the Boy Wrecker.

At length the brig stood nearer and nearer in shore, until she came to anchor just outside the reef which had so nearly wrecked her the night before.

Ordering his cutter away, and into it a dozen men, the captain sprang in and slowly rowed shoreward, sounding as he went. After an hour's pull, he managed to find a passable landing, and soon stepped on shore.

Taking his sword and pistols, he told his men to await him there, and boldly ascended the steep hillside, until he came to a small path or gorge in the cliff, leading inland.

Following this path he soon found the prospect more pleasing as he progressed, for luxuriant undergrowth was upon either hand.

Presently he halted beneath a sheltering tree, and was about to proceed when a grave beneath its shadow caught his eye, and he stepped quickly forward to read the lettering cut in the wooden head-board. The inscription read:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
CLARICE ST. VALE.
DIED AT SEA, OCTOBER 15, 18——,
AGED 30 YEARS."

With a cry of horror the brave man started back, staggered to and fro, his hand upon his brow, and then sunk down upon his knees with a groan of anguish.

"Are you sick, sir? Can I aid you?"

Springing to his feet, the officer beheld before him the form of a young girl, with her sun-browned, beautiful face full of sympathy for his sorrow.

Raising his hat sadly, he said, in earnest tones:

"Yes, lady, you can aid me, for I am a stranger on this island, and landed from my boat but half an hour ago to find here beneath the shelter of this tree, where the roar of the waves and sighing of the winds sing her requiem, the *name of my lost wife.*"

"*Your wife?*" asked Violet, in surprise, while a gleam of joy shot into her eyes.

"Yes, lady, one who was my wife lies buried here, and from you I would know the history of this grave."

"It is a story of sorrow and despair, and yet it has its bright side, sir, and I will tell it you, for your face tells me you speak the truth. She who lies here beneath this bed of wild flowers, I never met in life, for when I beheld her she had been days dead, and that was now eight years ago next month."

"I am listening, lady, with all my heart, and I bless you for your words," sadly said the officer; and in her sweet, quiet tones, Violet told the story of that midnight storm, eight years before, of the drifting of the wreck of the Sea Belle upon the reefs, her rescue the morning after, of the little Earl, and the career of the islanders since.

With painful interest and attention the officer heard all, and then, while a joyful light came into his face at the thought of soon seeing his son, and mingled with sorrow resting there at the loss of his wife, he said:

"How can I thank you for all you have told me, lady?—and tell me, where is my noble boy?"

"He went to sea in his yacht, by midnight last night, after having saved your vessel."

"That noble boy is then my son? Ah, I see now why it was I was drawn towards him. And whither has he gone, can I ask?"

"He sailed to take prisoner the pirate chief, Leon, and bring him to this island."

"Great God! evil may befall him, and we may never meet!" said Captain St. Elmo, in alarm.

"Have no fear, sir; the chief was to be taken by strategy, and by morning Earl will return, for he has a swift craft."

"Lady, again I thank you, and in return for your kindness let me make known to you the strange story of my life."

Captain St. Elmo gazed sadly down upon his wife's grave for a moment, and then began.

"During your narrative I made a most painful discovery, which, as I go on, you will see, and feel for me I know. My parents are French, and live on the shores of Louisiana, in the United States. Their children were two, my brother, two years my senior, and myself.

"Brought up upon the gulf shores, we both had a fancy for the navy, and at the age of fifteen my brother entered the service of the United States as a midshipman, and two years after I followed his example. After our departure from home, our parents adopted a young girl as their daughter, the orphan child of a wealthy planter, who at his death made my father her guardian. The name of that maiden is on this tombstone: Clarice Burke, afterwards my wife.

"Poor Clarice won the love of both my brother and myself, and from the day we became rivals my brother hated me, for he believed if I was out of the way that he could make her his wife. To end the matter, as far as his claim was concerned, I secretly married Clarice, and set sail on a foreign cruise.

"In due time my brother found out the secret, and to be avenged upon me, sought me out in the Mediterranean, where my ship then was, for we were constantly troubled by the Algerine pirates. One day, when in the port of Tripoli, I went ashore alone, and what was my surprise to find myself suddenly seized, bound and carried off a prisoner.

"It was long years ere I was enabled to escape, for I was made a slave to an Arab Sheik upon the desert. But at last I got away, and once more returned to America, and sought my home, to find my parents dead, my property all gone through the willful extravagance of my brother, and learn still more to grieve for, when 'twas told me my wife and son had sailed for Algiers to endeavor to obtain some trace of me, and the vessel in which they sailed had never been heard from.

"In looking over my wife's effects left behind her, I found out the author of all my sorrow was my brother, for a letter to Clarice from him, told her how he had me seized in Tripoli, and borne a slave to the desert, from whence I would never return.

"Also, among my wife's letters I discovered that she had, to avoid discovery by my brother, taken the name of St. Vale, which was the maiden name of her mother, and she had trained Earl up to to call himself St. Vale.

"At last I re-entered the naval service, and, after awhile, obtained command of the brig-of-war anchored off this island, in which I was sent by government to hunt down Leon the Pirate, who has made himself most obnoxious to our shipping along the coast.

"Now lady, when you said that my son Earl told you that Clarice recognized in the pirate chief one whom she had known before, and called him by the name of St. Elmo, I knew 'twas my poor brother who was Leon the Pirate, for his name was Leon St. Elmo, and strange whispers of his evil life had gone abroad."

"Can this be possible," said Violet, speaking with deep feeling, for the sad story of Captain Earl St. Elmo had deeply interested her.

"It is true; my miserable brother, Leon St. Elmo, is Leon, the Pirate Chief; and his nephew, my son, has now gone to seek his life."

For a moment Captain St. Elmo seemed almost overcome with emotion, but recovering himself, he said:

"Lady, is there no one to guide my brig into a safe haven on this island, where I can await the coming of my son?"

"Yes, I will pilot your vessel into a safe anchorage; but upon one condition."

"Name it."

"That you promise not to molest a single person on the island," firmly answered Violet.

"I promise."

"Good! then follow me."

One loving glance at his wife's grave, and Captain St. Elmo followed his beautiful guide down the pathway to the boat, which they both entered, to the great surprise of the coxswain and crew.

Arriving upon the brig, where astonishment was depicted upon the face of every officer, and also admiration of her beauty, Violet took her place by the wheel, and with a steady nerve and calm manner ran the brig through the tortuous channel, until the high banks of the creek towered above her topmasts, and her heavy anchor was dropped in the clear waters, which were not rippled by the slightest breeze, for in that secure haven the force of the winds and waves was never felt.

CHAPTER XV.

HEAVEN'S RETRIBUTION.

Two days passed away, and still the yacht did not return; but on the morning of the third day she appeared far out upon the waters, heading for the island under heavy press of sail, and racing with a terrible storm that was rapidly darkening sea and sky.

On came the swift Sea Belle, and on swept the storm, trailing inky clouds behind, and lashing the sea into fury only a short distance away.

Upon the deck were visible, to those who were watching her approach, the manly form of Earl at the helm, the manly frame of the negro Arab amidships, and standing upright by the mast, and evidently bound there, was the elegant figure of Leon St. Elmo, the Pirate Chief.

A wild cheer burst from the crew of the brig when it was discovered that at last the famous sea rover had been captured, and by a mere boy, and upon the face of Captain St. Elmo rested an expression, hard, stern, and yet hard to fathom.

On came the swift yacht, just ahead of the storm, and still carrying a vast field of canvas, until the channel was entered, and the tempest yet a hundred fathoms astern.

But, as if angered with the loss of its prey, there suddenly burst from out the inky blackness of the storm-clouds one livid fork of fire, which descended like a burning sword directly down upon the fated yacht, and with a terrific crash of thunder accompaniment, shivered the tall mast in splinters, just as the wild winds and mountain waves engulfed the beautiful vessel.

One wail of agony went up from those who witnessed the terrible sight, for they believed all lost.

But no; a dark form suddenly is descried upon a wave, boldly striking out for life or death, and with a yell of joy the Boy Wrecker is recognized.

Bravely the gallant swimmer comes on, and in a few moments more is drawn into a boat, in which Captain St. Elmo left the brig to save his son.

The meeting of father and son, who never before had met, I will not dwell upon, for it were wrong to profane the joy of those two whom a strange fate had at last brought together.

And as those two, father and son, stood together upon the beach, a dark, shattered form was suddenly washed up by the waves at their feet, and with pale faces they started back, for the stern and cruel face, the lightning riven body of Leon St. Elmo had been hurled from the sea over which he had so long sailed in deadly feud against his fellow men, a terror upon the waters of the world; but who, proud rover though he was, had been tricked by a boy, and through him, whom he had deeply and cruelly wronged, been brought to death by heaven's retribution.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

Still upon Wrecker's Island I must linger awhile with my kind readers, to tell how, in Carl Vassar, Captain St. Elmo recognized an old friend, who in early life had gone to the bad, and after an adventurous career had returned to his boyhood's home, to marry his first love, Maud Granger, who had ever been true to the promise made her wild lover.

Then, Captain St. Elmo heard from Carl Vassar how he had leagued himself

with the gulf buccaneers, and then returning to America had met Leon St. Elmo, and aided him in his nefarious plan to put an end to his brother's life.

Of other crimes, Carl Vassar also spoke, that forced him to fly from the world, carrying with him the young daughter and her fortune which a confiding friend had entrusted to his care; and then how, into lonely exile, his wife had followed him, both sorrowing for the blow that had fallen upon them when Leon St. Elmo won from them their only child, and dragged her with him into his crime stained life.

A full confession did Carl Vassar make, and then expressing his determination to remain forever upon the island, his wife and daughter signified their intention never to leave him, and no entreaties would move them to change their minds, so that at length Captain St. Elmo set sail in his brig, accompanied by Violet Vane—for such was her real name—and his noble son, Earl, who with his dear friend Violet, left their old sea-encircled home with but little regret.

At the earnest request of Earl, Captain St. Elmo set sail for the same port from which he had cleared the Sea Belle, some ten days before, and as soon as the anchor was let fall, the youth sought the home of Isaacs the Jew, where he received a warm greeting from Pearl and her beautiful mother.

Having, in a conversation first held with Isaacs the Jew, learned the story of the mother and daughter, that they were the wife and daughter of his outlawed uncle, Leon St. Elmo, he soon broached the cause of his visit, and told them how the husband and father, whom they in their innocence knew only as a seaman, had gone out with him to a distant island, and been lost in the storm which wrecked his yacht, and been the death of all on board excepting himself.

It was humane in Earl to thus speak of Leon St. Elmo's death to those who believed no wrong of him, for Mrs. St. Elmo was an American lady who had first met her husband in New York, and marrying him, had passed her years in different sea ports in southern waters, where it was most convenient for the chief to have her.

To her and to Pearl he had been ever kind, and thus it was that he had placed them in the home of his Agent, the Jew Isaacs, and supported them in almost regal luxury.

The distress of Mrs. St. Elmo and Pearl was great at the sad news brought them; but they were consoled by Earl and his father, who made known to them the youth's adventurous and remarkable career, only keeping back the information as to Leon the Pirate, and Leon St. Elmo being one and the same person.

As to poor Isaacs he kept very close, during the startling revelations being made beneath his roof, and was only too glad to see his fair guests set sail in the brig, a month after her arrival in port.

* * * * * * * *

Arriving upon American shores, Captain St. Elmo repurchased his old estates, and made it the home of his sister-in-law and her daughter, as well as Violet to whom he had taken a fancy akin to love.

As for Earl and himself, they set sail for a three year's cruise in the Mediterranean and Chinese Seas, the youth having received a midshipman's commission, and upon their return to their native land there was a double wedding in the old St. Elmo homestead, for the gallant captain led to the altar Miss Violet Vane, while the beautiful Pearl became the wife of The Boy Wrecker, the Waif of the Wave.

AGRICULTURAL.

CORN with smut on it should never be fed to cows or stock of any kind, as cows, mares, etc., are liable to abortion from eating corn affected with smut.

CHICAGO, the largest grain market in the world, handles 90,000,000 bushels annually, and has now in operation 18 steam elevators, with a capacity of 15,350,000 bushels.

LAY in a good supply of reading matter pertaining to the farm interests. Think and talk over your plans during the winter months, and send your suggestions and queries to your agricultural papers for the benefit of others.

IN making whiffletrees, they will be stronger if the front side of the whiffletree is nearest the heart timber and the back side toward the bark; they will retain their shape longer if the timber be split in this direction, across the grain of the wood.

MILKING STOOLS.—Take a piece of board about eight inches wide and two feet long; nail short pieces across the ends to increase its strength and to bore holes through; put two legs eight or ten inches long in one end, and one a trifle shorter in the forward end. Place the stool where you intend to sit, the one-legged end where you usually set the pail. Place the pail on that end of the stool and sit on the other. If you do this you will have your pail out of the dirt and the cow cannot easily put her foot in it, as often happens when the pail is on the ground. Some cows are so low that you are obliged to set the pail on the ground. In such case turn your stool around.

TREATMENT OF LAMPAS.—Phillips' *Southern Farmer* has the following sensible suggestions on this subject: All authorities now pronounce lampas an imaginary disease and condemn its usual treatment as senseless and barbarous in the extreme. The irritation of the mouth is supposed to proceed from the stomach, and, therefore, this is the proper point to begin with. Keep the stomach in healthy condition, and the mouth will need no care at all. After the irritation has manifested itself, it may prove beneficial to cut the upper muscles slightly, close to the teeth, and bathe the mouth with a weak solution of arnica in water. This is not necessary, however, except in severe cases. Never apply a hot iron under any circumstances. Young stock are chiefly affected and should receive only such food as is found to agree with them.

HOW TO FEED A HORSE.—As a general rule, too much food is given and too much of this is hay. Ten pounds of hay and twelve pounds of oats constitute a good day's fodder for a working horse, whether the work be fast or slow. Herbert's advice in regard to feeding horses, is to give a lock of hay and half a pail of water the first thing in the morning. After grooming, give the other half-pail of water, and, if he is not going out, four quarts of oats, after eating which he may have four or five pounds of hay. If going out early, feed six quarts of oats and no hay. If to be put to work in the afternoon, they should be again watered and have four quarts of oats and the remainder of their hay. Half a bushel of washed carrots a week, given at a time, will improve the coat and be beneficial to the stomach. This feeding is ample to keep horses in good working order.

A GOOD DURABLE WHITEWASH.—In answer to a correspondent who asks for a whitewash that will stand exposure to the weather, we give the following, which we know to be good: Take half a bushel of freshly burned lime, slake it with boiling water; cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve and add to it seven pounds of salt previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, one pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well and then heating it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well and let it stand a few days covered from dirt. It must be put on quite hot. For this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. About a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard.

A HOLOCAUST.

BY EROS.

The rain was blowing in quick white gusts
With sere brown leaves the air was darkling
The storm was moaning of death and graves,
No moon shone out, no star was sparkling.
I opened a casket, once so dear,
And took out letters I'd kissed so oft;
The paper was still by the rose-leaf tinged;
Its breath was like hers—so sweet and soft.
Slowly, as one at a sacrifice,
With eyes averted, I fed the flame;
Ruthless and cruel, the serpent tongues,
Swift and eager and leaping, came.
Hopes and joys; they were dreams and air!
I sat down sad by my funeral pile,
And I heard the roar of the ruthless fire,
And "God forgive her!" I moaned the while.
There was a blaze, and of crimson glare,
A warning pyramid tall and keen;
Then came a waft of smouldering smoke,
That rose in a circling vapory screen.
As the smoke went up, so went my life,
Spring and summer and autumn, too;
Its daybreak promise, its riper thoughts,
Its tears of sorrow, its sunshine dew.
I sat like a mourner beside the pile;
All I had loved had passed away,
Nothing for me but to hope for flowers
To bloom and gladden my buried clay.
There lay my life—a crinkling heap
Of curling ashes that fell to naught;
A glitter of one or two passing sparks—
That was all that my love had brought.

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

[This story was commenced in No. 14, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XV.

ON PLEASURE BENT.

The clocks of San Francisco are striking the hour of ten. The moon has shot up over Monte Diablo, and sends her soft mellow beams across the waters of the bay, imparting to their placid surface the sheen of silver. The forms of the ships anchored upon it are reflected as from a mirror; with masts upside down, every spar, stay, and brace, even to the most delicate rope of their rigging, having its duplicated representative in the fictitious counterfeit beneath. On none is there any canvas spread, and the unfurled flags do not display their fields, but hang motionless along masts, or droop dead down over taffrails. Stillness, almost complete, reigns throughout; scarce a sound proceeding either from the ships inshore, or those that ride at anchor in the offing; not even the rattle of a chain dropping or heaving an anchor, the chant of a night-watch at the windlass, or the song of some jovial tar entertaining his messmates as they sit squatted around the forecastle stair. Unusual this silence at such an early hour, though easily accounted for. That there are but few noises from the ships in San Francisco bay, is explained by the fact of their having but few men to make them—in many cases there being not a single soul aboard. All have deserted, either for good, and are gone off to the "diggings," or only for the night, to take part in the pleasures and dissipations of the town. Now and then a boat may be seen, putting off from, or returning to, the side of some of those better manned—by its laborious movement, and the unmeasured stroke of oars, telling that even it lacks a full complement of crew.

Inside the town, everything is different. There, there are noises enough, with plenty of people, crowded streets, flashing lights, and a Babel-like confusion of voices. It is now the hour when iniquity has commenced its nightly career, or, rather, reached its full flush; since in San Francisco certain kinds of it are carried on openly and throughout all the hours of day. Business houses are closed; but these are in small proportion to the places of pleasure, which keep their doors and windows wide open, and where dissipation of all kinds reigns paramount. Into the gambling saloons go men laden with gold-dust, often coming out with their wallets lighter than when they went in, but their hearts a great deal heavier. After toiling for months up to their middle in the chill waters of streams that course down from the eternal snows of the Sierra Nevada, working, washing—while so occupied, half-starving—they return to San Francisco to scatter in a single night—oft in one hour—the hoarded gatherings of half a year!

Into this pandemonium of a city are about to enter two personages of very different appearance from those usually seen loitering in its saloons or hastening through its streets; for they are the young officers belonging to the British frigate—Edward Crozier and William Cadwallader—returning to their ship. Not directly, as they were rowed ashore, but through the town; Crozier having ordered the boat to be brought to one of the rough wooden wharfs recently erected. They are advancing along the shore-road afoot, having declined their host's offer of horses; both saying they would prefer to walk; Cadwallader adding, in sailor phrase, that he wished to "kick the knots out of his legs"—a remark but obscurely comprehensible to Don Gregorio. For some time after leaving his house not a word passes between them. Each is occupied with his own thoughts, the sacredness of which keeps him silent; absorbed in reflections, springing from that tender but painful parting with others, about what may be before them in the far uncertain future. For a time, nothing intrudes upon their reverie, to disturb its natural course. The sough of the tidal surf breaking upon the beach, the occasional cry of a straying sea-bird, or the more continuous and monotonous note of the chuck-will's-widow, do not attract their attention. They are sounds in consonance with their reflections, still a little sad. As they draw nearer to the city, see its flashing lights, and hear its hum of voices, other and less doleful ideas come uppermost, leading to conversation. Referring to their promise made to Don Gregorio, Crozier commences:

"The question is, how we shall be able to find Harry Blew in this rookery of a place. Did he say anything, when you saw him the other day, about where he was sojourning?"

"By Jove! he just did. Now, I recall our conversation, I remember his telling me that he was staying at a sort of boarding house, or restaurant, called the "Sailor's Home," though he made no mention of the street. But, if I mistake not, I know the place, and can steer pretty straight for it."

"Straight or crooked, let's set head for it at once. We've plenty of time, if we're all, for I told the coxswain to come for us till well after eleven. But to see something of this queer Californian life, of which I haven't had the experience yet."

"The same with myself."

"Well, we may never again get such chance. Indeed, it's not likely we shall, either of us, be allowed another night ashore, before the Crusader sails; therefore, let us make hay while the sun shines, or, to speak less figuratively, a little merriment by the light of the moon. We've been either savage or sentimental all the day, and stand in need of changing our tune."

"You're right about that; but the moon is not likely to be made by moonlight—not much of it. See those great clouds rolling up yonder! They'll be over the sky in ten minutes' time, making everything black as a pot of pitch."

"No matter; for what we want, gas light will serve as well; and there's plenty of that in San Francisco. Now, for Harry Blew. After him, whisky splashes at the Parker."

"And after that?"

"The tables, if you feel so inclined."

"Surely, Ned, you don't want to go gambling?"

"I want to see life in San Francisco, I've said; and, as you know, gambling's an important part of it. Yes; I don't mind making an attempt to draw the teeth of the tiger. *Allons!* or, as I should say in the softer language of Arcadia, *Nos damos!*"

Thus jocosely terminating the conversation, the young officers continue on at increased speed, and are soon threading the streets of San Francisco in search of the Sailor's Home.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TAR OF THE OLDEN TYPE.

Harry Blew is a tar of the true man-of-war type; this of the olden time, when sailors were sailors, and ships were of oak, not iron. Such ships are scarce now; but scarcer still the skilled seamen who handled their ropes, and kept everything taut and trim—in short, the true sailors. Than Harry, a finer specimen of the foremastman never reefed sail, or took his glass of grog according to allowance. Of dark complexion naturally, exposure to sun, sea, and storm has deepened it, till his cheeks and throat are almost copper-colored; of somewhat lighter tint on Sundays, after they have had their hebdomadal shave. His face is round, with features fairly regular, and of a cheerful cast; their cheerfulness heightened by the sparkle of bright gray eyes, and two rows of sound white teeth, frequently, if not continuously set in a smile. A thick crop of curling brown hair, with a well-greased ringlet drooping down over each eyebrow, supports a round-rimmed, ribbe-ribboned hat, set well aback on his head. His shaven chin is pointed and prominent, with a dimple below the lip; while the beardless jaws curve smoothly down to a well-shaped neck, symmetrically set upon broad shoulders, that give token of strength almost herculean. Notwithstanding an amplitude of shirt collar which falls back full seven inches, touching the shoulder tips, the throat and a portion of the expansive chest are habitually exposed to view; while on the sun-browned skin of the latter may be seen a tattooed anchor. He is forty years of age, nearly thirty of which he has passed upon the sea; being off it only in short spells, while his ship has been in port. And he has seen service in several ships—corvettes, frigates, double and treble deckers—all men-of-war, in which he has thrice circumnavigated the globe. For all, he is yet hale, hearty, and in the perfect plenitude of his strength; only with a slight stoop in the shoulders, as if caught from continually swarming up shrouds, or leaning over his yard while stowing sails. This gives him the appearance of being shorter than he really is: for when straightened up, with back well braced, he stands six feet in his stockings. And his limbs show symmetrical proportion. His duck trousers, fitting tightly over the hips, display a pair of limbs supple and sinewy, with thighs that seem all muscle from skin to bone.

As already said, he has trod the deck of many a ship, the latest being that of the Crusader; in which vessel he has spent five years of his life. His engagement terminating almost on the very day she dropped anchor before San Francisco, he has been set free; either to stay in the ship, by entering his name upon her books for a fresh period of service, or step out of her, and go cruising on his own account whithersoever he may wish. Taking into consideration the state of things in San Francisco just at this very time, it is not strange that he elected to leave the ship. It would be stranger if he had even hesitated about it; though this he had indeed done, for some days lingering, with mind only half made up. But the golden lure proved at length too temptingly attractive; and, yielding to it, he took a last leave of his old shipmates, was pulled ashore, and has since been sojourning at the Sailor's Home—for he is still there, as Cadwallader rightly surmised.

The Sailor's Home is a hostelry, half eating house, half drinking saloon, of somewhat unpretentious appearance—being a rough, weather boarded house, without planing or paint, and only two stories in height. But if low in structure, it is high enough in its charges, as Harry Blew has learned; these being out of all proportion to the outside appearance of the place and its interior accommodation, though in keeping with the prices of all other like houses of entertainment in San Francisco. Harry's original intention was to make only a short stay at the Sailor's Home—just long enough to put him through a bit of a spree, for which twelve months' pay, received from the frigate's purser at leaving, had amply provided him. Then he would start for the Feather River, or some other tributary stream of the Sacramento. The first part of this programme has been already carried out, with something besides; that something being the complete expenditure of all his pay—every shilling he received from the purser, and in an incredibly short space of time. He has been scarcely six days ashore when he discovers his cash exchequer quite cleared out. As for credit, there is no such thing in San Francisco.

As he has now got somewhat sobered, with brain clear enough to think, it occurs to him that the time is come for carrying out the second part of his programme—that is, going on to the gold-diggings. But how to get off, and then? These are separate questions, to neither of which can he give a satisfactory answer. Passage to Sacramento by steamer costs over a hundred dollars, and still more by stage. He has not a shilling—not a red cent, and his sea-kit sold would not realize a sum sufficient to pay his fare, even if it (the kit) were free. But it is not. On the contrary, embargoed, quodded by the keeper of the Sailor's Home against a couple of days of unpaid board and lodging—with sundry imbibings across the counter still scored on the slate.

The discharged man-of-war's-man sees himself in a dread dilemma, all the more from its having a double horn. He can neither go to the gold-diggings nor stay in the Sailor's Home. Comparatively cheap as may be this humble hostelry, it is yet dear enough to demand ten dollars a day for indifferent bed and board. This has been bad enough for Harry Blew, even though but a foremastman. But he is threatened with a still worse condition of things. Inappropriate the title bestowed on his house, for the owner of the "Home" has not the slightest hospitality in his heart. He has discovered that his English guest is impecunious—this by the two days' board, and as many nights' bed remaining unpaid. There is a notice conspicuously posted above the bar that "scores must be settled daily." And Harry Blew having disregarded this, has received private but positive notice of another kind, to the effect that he is forthwith to discontinue taking a seat at the *table-d'hote*, as also to surrender up his share of the bed he has been occupying.

But there is a silver lining to the cloud. The Crusader is still in port, and not expected to sail for some days. He may once more place his name upon the frigate's books, and rejoin her. He knows he will not only be received back by her commander, but welcomed by all his old officers and shipmates. A word spoken to the first boat coming ashore, and all will be well. Shall he speak such word? That has become the question.

While thus deliberating, he is seated in the little sanded bar-room of the Home, alone with the bar-keeper, the latter eyeing him with anything but a sympathetic air, for the book is before him, showing that indebtedness for bed and board, to say nothing of the unsettled bar-score, and the record makes a bar-sinister between them. Another drink could not be added now, even though but a bottle of ginger-beer. The door of credit is closed, and only cash could procure an extension of a hospitality hitherto scant enough.

The sailor thinks. Must he surrender? Give up his dreams of fingering yellow gold, and return to handling black ropes? A glance at the grim, unrelaxed and unrelenting visage of the bar-keeper decides him. His decision is expressed in characteristic speech, not addressed to the drink dispenser, nor aloud, but in a low, sad soliloquy:

"Wi' me I see the old sayin's to stan' good—'Once a sailor, still a sailor.' Harry, you'll steer back for the old Crusader!"

CHAPTER XVII.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

Having resolved upon returning to his ship, and that very night, if he can but get a boat, Harry Blew is about to sally forth into the street, when his egress is unexpectedly prevented. Not by the landlord of the Sailor's Home, nor his representative.

What has hindered him from going out of the Home is a man coming into it—or rather two, since two shadows have suddenly darkened the door, and are projected across the sanded floor of the bar-room. Not like shadows in the eyes of Harry Blew, but streaks of the brightest sunlight, for in the individuals entering he recognizes two of his officers—one of them his best friend, and the preserver of his life. Crozier and Cadwallader have found him.

At sight of them the discharged sailor salutes promptly, and with as much respect as if it were on the quarterdeck of the Crusader. But with much more demonstration, for their well-timed appearance draws from him an exclamation of joy. Jerking off his straw hat, and giving a twitch to one of his brow locks, he bobs his head several times in succession, with a simultaneous back-scrape of his foot upon the floor.

His obeisance ended, he stands silently awaiting whatever communication the young officers have to make. He is already aware that their business is with himself, for the bar-room is but dimly lit, and Crozier, while crossing its threshold, not at once recognizing him, called out the question:

"Is there a sailor staying here, by name Harry Blew?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the prompt response, the sailor himself giving it, along with the salutation described.

"Well, Harry, old boy," says Crozier, after warmly shaking the sailor's hand, "I'm right glad to find you here. I was afraid you'd gone off to the diggings."

"True, Master Ed'ard; I did intend standin' on that tack, but han't been able to get under way, for want of a wind."

"Want of a wind? I don't quite understand you."

"Why, you see, sir, I've been a little bit spreeish since comin' ashore, and my locker's got low—mere'n that, its total cleared out. Though I suppose there's plenty o' gold in the diggin's, it takes gold to get there, and as I ha'n't any, I'm laid up here like an old hulk foul o' a mud-bank. That's just how it is, gentlemen."

"In which case, perhaps, you might not feel indisposed to go to sea again?"

"Just the thing I war thinkin' o', Master Ed'ard. I'd a most made up my mind to it, sir, an' war 'bout startin' to try get aboard the old Crusader, and askin' your honor to ha' my name entered on her books again. I'm willin' to join for a fresh term, if they'll take me."

"They'd take, and be glad to get you, Harry; you may be sure of that. Such a skilled sailor as you need never be without a ship, where there's a British man-of-war within hailing distance. But we don't want you to join the Crusader."

"How is that, sir?"

"Because we can help you to something a little better. At least, it will be more to your advantage in a pecuniary sense. You wouldn't mind shipping in a merchant vessel, with wages three or four times as much as you can get in a man-of-war? How would you like that, Harry?"

"I'd like it amazin'ly, sir. And for the matter of being a merchanter, that's neither here nor there, so long's *you* recommend it. I'll go as cook, if you tell me to."

"No, no, Harry, not that," laughingly replies the young officer; "that would never do. I should pity those who had to eat the dishes you'd dress for them. Besides, I should be sorry to see you stewing your strength away in front of a galley fire. You must do better than that; and it chances I'm authorized to offer you something better. It's a berth on board a trading ship, and one with some special advantages. She's a Chilian vessel, and her captain is, I believe, either Chilian or Spanish. That won't make any difference to you?"

"Not a doit, sir. I don't care what the ship's colors be, nor what country her skipper, so long's he allows good good wages an' plenty o' grub."

"And plenty of grog, too, Harry?"

"Ay, ay, sir. I confess to a weakness for that—leastways three times a day."

"No doubt you'll get it, as often as you've a mind. But, Harry, I have a word to say about that. Besides my interest in your own welfare, I've another and more selfish one in this Chilian ship. So has Mr. Cadwallader. We both want you to be on your best behavior during the trip you're to take in her. On board will be two lady passengers as far as Panama, for the ship is bound thither, and for other ports beyond—I believe as far as Valparaiso. But the ladies are to land at Panama, and so long as they're with you, you must do everything in your power to make things agreeable for them. If they should ever be in any danger—from storm, shipwreck or otherwise—you'll stand by them?"

"Yes, Harry," adds Cadwallader; "you'll do that, won't you?"

"Lor, your honors!" replies the sailor, showing surprise. "Sure ye needn't a put sich questin to me—a British man-o'-war's-man?' I'd do that much, anyhow, out o' sheer starn sense o' duty. But when it come to takin' care o' two ladies—to say nothin' about theer bein' so young, an' so beautiful——"

"Avast, Harry! How do you know they are either one or the other?" asks Crozier, surprised; Cadwallader repeating the question.

"Lor love ye, masters! Do ye think a common sailor ha'n't no eyes in his head, for anythin' but ropes an' tar? You forget I wur o' the boat's crew as rowed two sweet creeturs on board the Crusader, the night o' the grand dancin'; an' arterward took the same ashore, along wi' two young gentlemen, as went to see 'em home. Sure, sirs, actin' cox on that occasion, I couldn't help hearin' some o' the speeches as passed in the starn-sheets—tho' they wur spoke in the ears o' the sayporitas, soft as the breeze that fanned their fair cheeks, an' brought the color out on 'em red as Ribston pippins."

"Avast again, you rascal! So you've been eavesdropping, have you? I quite forgot you understood Spanish."

"Only a trifle, Master Ed'ard."

"Too much for that occasion."

"Ah! well, your honor, it may stand me in stead aboard the ship you speak of."

"Well, Harry, I'm not going to scold you, seeing that you couldn't help hearing what you did. And now, I may as well tell you that the young ladies you saw that night in the boat *are* the same who are to be passengers in the Chilian ship. You'll take good care of them, I know."

"That, you may depend on, sir. Any one as touches hair of their heads, to do them any injury, will have to tear the whole of his off the head of Harry Blew. I'll see them safe to Panama, or never show there myself. I promise that; and I think both your honors will take the word of a British man-of-war's man."

"That's enough. Now to give you the necessary directions about joining this ship. She's lying at anchor somewhere about in the Bay. But you'll find her easily enough. And you needn't go in search of her, till you've seen the gentleman whose name and address are upon this card. You see; "Don Tomas Silvestre," a ship agent, whose office is down in one of the streets by the strand. Report yourself to him first thing in the morning. In all likelihood he'll engage you on sight, make out your papers, and give you full directions for getting aboard the ship. It appears she's short of hands; indeed, even without a single sailor. And by the way, Harry, if you apply soon enough, it's good as certain you'll be made first mate; all the more from your being able to speak Spanish. It's too late for you to do anything about it to-night; but don't oversleep yourself. Be at the ship agent's to-morrow, betimes."

"Ye can trust me for that, sir. I'll show my figurehead there first thing in the morning; and I ain't afeerd o' no one gettin' aboard afore me, if they've not gone a'ready."

"I think no one will be before you—I hope not. Send us word how you have succeeded, as the Crusader will likely be in port long enough for us to hear from you. Still, as she may sail on short notice, we may not see you again. Remember, then, what we've said about the senoritas. We shall rely upon your fidelity."

"Ay, well may ye, masters. You can both trust your lives to Harry Blew, and those of them as is dear to you."

"All right, old boy!" exclaims Crozier, satisfied. "We must part; but let's hope we'll meet again. When you get back to England, you know where to find me. Now, good bye! Give us a grip of your honest hand, and God bless you!"

Saying this, he grasps the horny hand of the sailor, and warmly presses it. The pressure is returned by a squeeze, that gives assurance of more than ordinary friendship. It is a grip of true gratitude; and the look which accompanies it tells of a devoted friendship, bordering on adoration.

Cadwallader also exchanges a like parting salutation; after which, the young officers start off, to continue their cruise through the streets.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No plant seems to regard removal with such apparent unconcern as the tuberose, and gardeners who are aware of this fact turn it to advantage by digging up and potting all plants that show a flower stem at the first appearance of frosty nights. They will then gradually open out their fragrant creamy-white flowers successively until Christmas. Any bright sunny window in a warm room is sufficient to induce inflorescence, and a greenhouse can be made very beautiful by their use in early winter, when flowers are usually very scarce.

SUCCESS in any calling is the result of a man's love of and belief in the work he has undertaken. Earnest and conscientious labor often accomplishes more in the end than brilliant genius.

RECEIPTS.

REMEDY FOR SICK HEADACHE.—In two tablespoons of strong coffee put two grains of quinine. Take all at one dose. Five doses like this, taken at intervals—a couple of days between—is sufficient to effect a cure.

AN excellent, well recommended pickle for curing hams, is made of 1½ pounds of salt, ½ pound of sugar, ½ ounce of saltpetre, and ½ ounce of potash. Boil all together until the dirt from the sugar has risen to the top and is skimmed. Pour it over the meat and leave the latter in the solution for four or five weeks.

TO SOLDER WITH FIRE.—Make a paste with chalk and gum-water, which put round the two broken pieces placed on a table. Rub over the two united extremities with melted soap, and after having thrown some of the above powder at the place of the joint, hold a piece of kindled charcoal over it. This will set the matter in fusion, which is no sooner done but you may take off the paste, and you will find it consolidated.

MENDING GLASS TUMBLERS, to be used for keeping jellies, etc., is, white lead is good, in fact, almost any of the cements used for broken dishes are, but for ornamental glassware a transparent cement is required. Balsam of fir used in a thick state is excellent, but will not stand hot water. Seventy-five parts India rubber mixed with sixty parts of benzine and fifteen parts of mastic is said to be a good transparent mixture for repairing glass, but we have never tested its virtue.

FASTENING ON KNIFE HANDLES.—Set the handle upon end; fill the cavity with pulverized rosin, then warm the small part of the knife or fork and insert it slowly, crowd it down firmly and hold it in right position until the rosin cools enough to set. As rosin is not soluble in water, hot or cold, the knives are not loosened. Glue or any other cementing material soluble in water is not available. Glue may be made to resist water, however, by putting two ounces of it in a pint of skimmed milk, and evaporating the mixture to the proper consistency for use.

KEEPING THE HANDS SMOOTH.—A writer in the *American Grocer* says that glycerine is not used in the right way. She asserts that to preserve the smoothness and softness of the hands, keep a small bottle of glycerine near the place where you habitually wash them, and whenever you have finished washing, and before wiping them, put one or two drops of the glycerine on the wet palm and rub the hands thoroughly with it as if it were soap, then dry lightly with a towel. Household work and bad weather will not prevent your skin from being smooth and soft if this plan of using glycerine is followed.

SOLDERING.—Solders must be selected in reference to their appropriate metals. Thus tin plates are soldered with alloy consisting of from one to two parts tin, with one of lead; pewter is soldered with a more fusible alloy containing a certain proportion of bismuth, added to the lead and tin; iron, copper, and brass are soldered with spelter, an alloy of zinc and copper in nearly equal parts; silver is soldered, sometimes with pure tin, but generally with silver-solder, and also consisting of five parts of silver, six of brass, and two of zinc; zinc and lead are soldered with an alloy of from one to two parts of lead with one of tin; platinum, with fine gold; gold, with an alloy of silver and gold, or of copper and gold, etc. In all soldering processes, the following conditions must be observed: The surfaces to be united must be entirely free from oxide, bright, smooth, and level; the contact of air must be excluded during the soldering, because it is apt to oxidise one or other of the surfaces, and thus to prevent the formation of an alloy at the point of union. This exclusion of air is effected in various ways. The locksmith encases in loam the objects of iron, or brass, that he wishes to subject to a soldering heat; the silversmith and brazier mix their respective solders with moistened borax powder; the coppersmith and tinman apply sal ammoniac, rosin, or both, to the cleaned metallic surface, before using the soldering iron to fuse them together with the tin alloy.

CLOTHES last longer when washed with Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), because no rubbing is needed. Clothes are worn out more on the washboard than on the person. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

THERE is talk of a military post in the Black Hills to keep out intruding miners.

ON the seventieth anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, Thursday, October 21st, there were still living nine gallant veteran officers who took part in that battle.

SERGEANT BATES, the man who has a penchant for carrying the American flag through the world, is now on a tramp through Canada, with more flag than money.

THE proposed tunnel from England to France, work upon which has commenced at the French end, will be sixteen miles long and two hundred and fifty feet below the bed of the sea.

THE "Reformed Funeral Company," of London has just opened the "London Necropolis," where plots nine by four feet can be had for $13, with a promise of being cared for by the company.

THE State of Kansas is only fourteen years old, but receives and sends out more letters and newspapers than the entire State of Missouri (St. Louis included), which is forty years older.

AN offer has been made by the legatees under the Singer will, to compromise with Mary Ann Foster, who claims to be the first wife of the late Mr. Singer, by paying her $200,000. She says, however, that she will have one-third of the estate—$4,000,000—or nothing.

THE catalogue of Yale for 1875-76 has been published. There are in the academical department 125 Seniors, 122 Juniors, 155 Sophomores, 180 Freshmen; total 582. These, together with the students in the scientific and professional schools, make a total of 1,051 students at Yale.

THERE is scarcely a single village in Japan without a school. According to a recent census, the number of scholars between six and thirteen in the empire, is 3,598,580. That is a very fair figure for a population of 33,000,000, and is far better than many Christian countries can show.

A RECENT geological survey of Washington Territory has disclosed a large vein of dark green, variegated marble, known as the serpentine or the brocco of the Italians. The stone is comparatively soft and easily worked and is susceptible of the highest polish. It is found in the greatest abundance on the Columbia river, in Stevens county.

THE great astronomer of Paris, Leverrier, who discovered the planet Neptune, which could eat up this little earth of ours and not suffer from indigestion in consequence, has made a prediction which is noteworthy. It is that the winter of 1875-76 will be uncommonly severe. Enormous quantities of snow are to fall in December and January.

To Owners of Horses and Cattle.

TOBIAS' DERBY CONDITION POWDERS are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of Distemper, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide-Bound, Colds, etc., in Horses; and Colds, Coughs, Loss of Milk, Black Tongue, Horn Distemper, etc., in Cattle. Price, Twenty-five Cents. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

Why Will They Do It?

The women we mean. Why will they use chalk, powders, and other face preparations that are more or less injurious, when they can so easily get a perfectly harmless toilet, one that has been chemically analyzed by the Metropolitan Board of Health, and pronounced to be harmless, and entirely free from anything injurious, by some of the most eminent physicians of New York city.

Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for beautifying the skin.

Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

From Miss Fannie Stockton, the Prima Donna of the Opera House.

Buffalo, December, 1866.

Dr. T. F. Gouraud: I do not wish to put anything else in contact with my face, so delighted am I with this matchless cosmetique. Please send me ten bottles.

FANNIE STOCKTON.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG. 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Dec. 11, 1875.

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J. W. Marsh, Manager.

OURSELVES.

It is not often that we speak about "ourselves" in this column of the paper, and if we have done so of late more frequently than is our custom, it has not been from any personal or self-interested views, but simply from a desire to please and to benefit our readers. In last week's issue we urged upon them, and we again do so, for their own interest, to lose no time about forwarding us their subscriptions for the coming year, as by deferring to do so until the Holidays, they run the risk of having to wait perhaps for a week or two longer than would otherwise be necessary, for their papers and chromos. Renewals are already fast pouring in upon us, even before the expiration of this year's subscriptions, and in order to keep our books clear and ensure all of our subscribers receiving their chromos in time to have them framed for Christmas, we are shipping them as fast as possible. With No. 22, our Christmas number, we shall issue a large four page supplement, containing a Christmas Story, handsomely illustrated and complete, besides choice selections and elegant illustrations.

We should be pleased to hear from all of our present subscribers, when forwarding their renewals for 1876, and to get their candid opinions on the improvements and alterations which they no doubt have perceived we have made in the Post within the past six months. We have added several New Departments which we thought would be of general interest, and we have been very much gratified by already receiving quite a number of exceedingly complimentary and entirely voluntary letters thanking us for the improvements which the writers were pleased to say we had made in the management of the paper. The readers of the Post, too, cannot fail to have observed that we have gradually but thoroughly changed the character of the miscellaneous matter of the paper, making it more instructive and altogether of a higher and more refined style. Our aim has been to put into the hands of all a First-class Family Paper combining entertainment and instruction of an unexceptionably elevated standard, and we think that we are justified in expressing a confident hope that we have succeeded in our endeavors.

Within the past ten weeks we have commenced no less than seven of the very best Serials that have ever been published in the Post, all of them by writers of the highest and most favorable repute. We have others on hand which will follow in rapid succession.

In the mechanical portion of the paper, the illustrations, quality of paper and typographical appearance there have also been considerable changes, and we trust for the better.

We repeat that it would give us much pleasure to hear from any of our readers, and to receive any suggestions that they may make. We will take all such suggestions and criticisms in the same kindly and friendly spirit in which we are sure they will be given, and will act upon them whenever we find it practicable and feasible to do so, and wherever the expression of opinion on any particular change asked for has been so general as to entitle it to be adopted by ourselves.

OUR PURCHASING AGENCY.

We have been in the receipt, within the past two or three weeks, of several letters asking us if our Purchasing Agency is still in operation, as the writers who lived in out of the way towns and villages were anxious to avail themselves of our assistance in procuring sundry articles not obtainable in their neighborhood.

Now that the Holiday time is so close at hand, we take this opportunity of saying that our Purchasing Agency is in charge of a lady and gentleman who devote their entire time to this work, and who are thoroughly competent in every way. We are prepared and willing to execute commissions for any of our readers for any articles they may be in want of. Everything will be supplied at the very lowest rates, and the interest of the purchaser as carefully studied, and the money invested with the same prudence and economy—nay, even more so, than if we were making purchases for our own use.

At the present season, more especially, when Christmas and New Year presents are uppermost in all minds, we are prepared to purchase for our patrons any article from a ball of twine to a piano, from a paper of needles to a sewing machine, at the lowest prices. Articles of wearing apparel, either for ladies or gentlemen, not forgetting the little ones, will be carefully attended to, and every article forwarded by express or mail to any destination. In ordering any dress goods, it will be better to send samples of the materials required, but if this is not possible, the desired article should be described as accurately as possible.

NEXT WEEK

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

BY

FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of "The Winning Hazard," "Tottie's Fortune," Etc., Etc.

This is the title of a New Romance which will be commenced next week, and which will well repay perusal. It is entirely different in plot, incident, or style, from any that we have lately given the readers of the Post, and they will find this a singularly fascinating and enjoyable story.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. R. CARLISLE.

To-day I have been looking over the literary periodicals; and it seems to me that the moralist and philanthropist may congratulate themselves on the rapid strides we are making, if the general diffusion of literature can be considered as an absolute indication of proportionate advancement towards the perfectability of humanity.

To one who has not gone regularly through the long list, the number would seem almost incredible. Tens of thousands I had almost said, hundreds and thousands certainly, of these bridges of print freighted with talent and genius, and in so good a typographical execution, that we no longer wonder at the assertion of a prominent news dealer here: "We sell hundreds of books on the beauty of the cover."

What a contrast this was to the days when Franklin Square was young, and a "weekly gazette" was deemed a most serious undertaking—a "wild ambition." What a wildly general thirst, what an insatiable appetite for the literary feast, which demands this. And if the diffusion of correct and tasteful literature is of unquestioned moral and political benefit, every corroboration of the growing attraction should be a subject of general and sincere gratification to moral and patriotic feeling.

The brevity of the literary weekly, the variety of short, pithy, timely, seasonable articles, given at stated periods, makes great readers of us all. They seduce us into reading easily and with profitable pleasure, what aggregated within the year, would frighten us away. The short weekly articles we read cheerfully, and in the end are quietly, not to say gracefully, and pionsly cheated into the possession of a general knowledge and mental refinement of which we are scarcely conscious.

These periodicals, weekly and monthly papers, are made so attractive in form and matter, that they can be relied upon as a means of instilling and stimulating a love of reading among the young people, thus securing those resources within themselves which render them independent of and indifferent to a constant resort to general society.

It is here that the widest range of good is accomplished. A boy or girl is tolerably safe who can find such pleasure in books provided, as will make him or her unconscious of the attractiveness, and seductive influences of the heterogeneous gatherings in our cities and towns. For this reason, if for no other, these weekly and monthly papers should meet the patronage and zealous encouragement of every guardian of youth.

Certainly, selections should be made by those intelligently conversant with the matter of each paper. This will be but simple justice to these children. The grossness and depravity of the human mind has led to the publication of matter vicious in the extreme, but such a rigid investigation of printed matter is now made by law, that these depraved publishers have been checked. Besides this, there is a censorship of moral opinion which, while it may not affect the publisher, certainly does guide the youth in their selection of reading matter.

Once infuse into the mind of the youth a love of reading, under proper preceptoral guidance, and that mind will be safe against the inroads of what is commonly known as "yellow-covered" literature, and there is a pleasure in publication of literature of sound moral truth.

A man rightly conditioned of heart, will find a satisfaction scarcely equalled in any other direction, in feeling that he is disseminating truth to aid with its silently powerful influences, in forming and shaping the minds of those who need it, in the coming battle of life, to render him paramount to all changes, and independent of the world's caprice and perfidy. In this rapid and wide-spreading of literature through our great land, there is a consideration of a patriotic and deeper character than that which generally is the ultimatum of contributors to periodicals—the mere pleasure of composition which they conceive its own reward.

There is a natural leaning of sympathy and affection, a fraternizing feeling, created in those who administer to our instruction or pleasurable entertainment. Authors and readers are brought together from the uttermost parts of the earth with kindliness of feeling, and are thus taught to consider themselves of one family, sympathising in sentiment and love of country.

The Saturday Evening Post, published by Reed, Wickersham & Co., Philadelphia, is among the very best of American literary papers. It is now in its 53th year, and was never more popular.—*Standard, Oskaloosa, Iowa.*

A SITTING-ROOM WINDOW.

WINDOW GARDENS.

BY HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

The universal popularity of Window Gardens, whether large or small, simple or elaborate, is the evidence of a growing taste for flowers and ornamental plants in all circles of society. We have only to notice in all our large cities, towns and villages, how frequent window decorations have become, sometimes seeming as if not a single house was without them in many of our most fashionable avenues. In European cities, the citizens indulge even more extensively and passionately in their plant pleasures than we do; every house is decorated, from the workingman's window, and its few flower-pots of balsams, to the fern-

WINDOW AQUARIUM AND FERNERY.

ery and tile jardinieres of the aristocratic mansion.

Window Gardening is one of the most elegant, satisfactory, yet least expensive of all departments of rural taste. As a useful means of developing a taste for plant life and a love of flowers, there is nothing more effective than this simple style of gardening; and it is a sign of healthy sentiment, for the presence of flowers always aids in the development of refinement and an elevated taste. One of the advantages of Window Gardening is its simplicity, open to every one, and impossible to none. Thousands of persons, confined to their city homes for the greater part of their lives, have no greater rural estate than that which their window garden affords. To watch the unfolding leaves and budding flowers, the development of branch after branch, is a study of the reality of plant-life, exquisitely interesting to the soul who finds in it its only world of pleasure and sentiment.

It is a form of gardening, too, of permanent use and value. The Window Garden is independent, to a large degree, of the varying seasons. The advent of spring, summer and autumn only render the plants more luxuriant and make the flowers more brilliant, but they do not die with the first frost or cold wind of winter. When the prospect without is dreary, we can still look to our plant-cases or window-boxes, and behold in them objects of increased admiration, because they are so charming in their contrast with the desolateness without, and are genial remembrancers of greener days gone by.

In the present number we give illustrations of Window Gardens, actually in use in some of our Central New York homes, by no means very elaborate or expensive, and which we hope may give some of our readers a few judicious hints and suggestions in their efforts to make their homes more beautiful by the use of such window ornaments.

The first one is a bow-window filled with two boxes supported by legs, each box ten inches deep and filled inside either with earth or separate pots, the interspaces being filled in with moss or earth. The aim is to give a chance to plants with fine contrasts of foliage—Pelargoniums, Petunias, Heliotropes, Ivies, Amaranth, Coleus, Begonia, Geraniums, etc. In one end is a Maurdia climbing vine; in the other is a Mean Cobea, both twining and drooping on the wires which rise from the centre of the box, and curve towards the sides, affording a delicate drapery of green. A hanging basket of moss hangs over each box, one filled with Oxalis and Tradescantia, the other with Ice Plant. In the vase hanging just over the middle is placed a Kenilworth or Coliseum. On various brackets below are placed dishes of Ivy, Ferns and Moneywort. A few tall plants may be introduced to advantage, say one large pot full in the centre of each box. In one put Calliums, in the other Calla Lilies.

The Germans, who have a greater fondness and taste for Window Gardening than any other race, have some very elegant fancies in the way of combined Ferneries, Rockeries and Aquariums in the windows. Our next illustration shows one which projects outward from the side of the house. The arch frame above is also on the outside. Looking at the rocky within rising up out of the aquarium, we find the following plants which do well in the constant evaporation of the water:

Adantium tenerum, cuneatum, formosum; Davallia, pixida; Gymnogramma Peruviana; Pteris serrulata; Selaginella calsia, emboss; Africana Serpens, and Hildenovii; Ficus stipularis; Tradescantia zebrina; Hoya bella, and Aschynanthus zebrinus.

We mention the plants particularly, as perhaps some one may be disposed to copy the design literally. We know of no form of Window Gardening so exquisite as this. A climbing vine may be twined around the outside of the window casement, as shown. The water in the aquarium must be contained in a vessel with glass sides, so that all portions may be discernible to the eye.

We give another very pretty design of a similar combined window case aquarium and fernery. This occupies the window from the sill to top of upper sash. The tank within contains slate slab of considerable height, say one-third of the whole window on the outside of the case, the inner side nearest the room being of glass, to afford a view of the interior. This slate slab is necessary to avoid the effect of the sun's rays, which, when passing through a globe or aquarium of water, might concentrate upon the floor and burn the carpet. Specimen of rock work are introduced at the side or in the rear of the case; on their tops are placed some pots containing ferns drooping over and covering the vacancies all up. If conveniences are at hand a tile fountain may be introduced, and be constantly throwing up tiny streams of water. This design completely shuts out

FERN WINDOW AND AQUARIUM.

the street view, and is lighted only from the top, yet is a great curiosity, and will be worth the trouble of copying according to the foregoing description.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS.

In compliance with a law passed by the National Assembly the territorial army of France will immediately be reorganized. It is to consist of 1,200,000, all born between December, 1835, and December, 1846, and will comprise troops of all arms. At first, however, the government will devote its attention to the formation of 156 infantry regiments. The military establishment of the French Republic exceeds $100,000,000 per annum. The expenditure of England for home and colonial service, is $72,500,000; of the Anglo-Indian Empire, $80,000,800, and of Germany, $80,012,500. There are 1,200,000 soldiers for France, with a population of 36,000,000, which makes one soldier to every thirty inhabitants; 1,337,698 soldiers for 44,000,000 in Germany, or one soldier to every forty inhabitants; 242,600 soldiers (regulars and militia) for a population of 32,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, or one soldier for every 133 of the population; and 187,700 soldiers, British and native, in British India, for 300,000,000 inhabitants, being one soldier to every 1,641 inhabitants. In contrast with these numbers and costs, the United States army consists of 30,000 men, and the estimated expenses for such an establishment is $38,000,000, for a present population estimated at 42,000,000 souls. Thus, compared with the great European powers, the regular army of the United States is comparatively the costliest of all, besides the expense of militia and volunteers.

Star Depths.—The mind of man utterly fails to realize the immensity of space, and no one unaccustomed to the use of the telescope can have any adequate idea of the difference presented by the heavens when viewed by the naked eye and mind of the astronomer. How difficult it is to realize that each star, in the solemn depths of the universe, is a sun like our sun, but separated one from each other and our own by distances almost beyond the power of man to compute! Only about 3,000 stars can be distinctly seen and counted by the naked eye, while an ordinary telescope reveals the presence of something like 350,000. Herschel's great 18-inch instrument, it is estimated, shows 180,000, while the great Rosse telescope, by its vast penetrating power, is supposed to open to our vision not less than 700,000! And yet, when the whole heavens are swept by this telescope, we have only penetrated a distance into space from our standpoint on this globe, which, when compared to the immensity beyond, is no more than the space occupied by the room where we read or write it, to the immensity of depth penetrated by the last mentioned instrument.

Charleston in Colonial Times.—In colonial times Charleston was a favorite settlement of the mother country, owing to the value of its exports—indigo, rice, and naval stores. In 1731 forty thousand barrels of rice were exported, and, as it was said, "London and Liverpool looked lovingly on the brisk colony of the Ashley and Cooper." The sons of the wealthier planters were almost universally sent to England to be educated, no other colony in the New World sending so many. Fashions were brought over for the wives and daughters; Madeira wine, punch, tea, coffee, and chocolate were in common use; and four horse coaches rolled up to the doors of the little churches, now almost lost in a second growth of wild forest. Outdoor sports were much affected by the planters, who kept fine horses and dogs, and hunted over the country in English style, although on a larger scale than was possible in that well-bounded, well-meted-out island. They killed foxes, deer, and bears, and now and then an Indian, for the forests were still full of the red-skinned foes.

—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

There's Room Above.—The advice to the law student that "there's plenty of room above," contains a truth of very wide application. "There's plenty of room above" in every profession and advocation. The difficulty is, not to find the higher positions, but to find men competent to fill them. A manager of a business establishment once remarked, the other day, that they ought to have a good man in a certain position. "Why don't you get one?" said his friend. "That's the difficulty," he replied. "If I knew where to get the right man, I would discharge the one I have immediately." This is the general difficulty. Every avocation is looking after the right kind of men, and they are hard to find. Let young men remember this, and make themselves masters of their business, and they will find no difficulty in securing first-class positions.

Byron's Maid of Athens, whose death is announced, did not live long to enjoy the advantage of the small fund which was subscribed for her some eighteen months or two years ago. Her husband, Mr. Black, was British Consul at Athens for some years; and her father, who was dead in Byron's time, had been the English Vice-Consul. The poet had apartments in her mother's house when he wrote the charming poem which made the young girl's fame. She was the eldest of three sisters of exceptional beauty, better educated than most Greek women and, "though poor, their virtue shone conspicuously as their beauty."

Prof. Capen, of the Cortland Normal School, says that it is a popular fallacy that the pale faces and broken down constitutions found in our schools are due to hard study. He adds: "If the habits of life of these so-called hard-workers could be traced, it would be found that late hours, unventilated sleeping rooms, lack of exercise, exposure, rich food, or food that is poorly or unwisely cooked, fast eating, and the like, are the direct and efficient causes of their poor state of health."

Idleness is the nursery of crime. It is that prolific germ of which all rank and poisonous vices are the fruits. It is the source of temptation. It is the field where "the enemy sows tares while men sleep." Could we trace the history of a large class of vices, we should find that they originate from the want of employment, and are brought in to supply its place.

Of all the loves on earth most like the divine love is that of the good mother—so unselfish, unforgetting, watchful, considerate, free from all jealousy, and desiring the good of her children far more than her own happiness.

PERSONALITIES.

Jean Ingelmann, the inventor of the art of chromo-lithography, has just died in Paris at an advanced age.

Jefferson Davis has accepted the Presidency of the American Department of the Mississippi Valley Society of London.

The New York military are making great preparations for the reception of "Unser Fritz" and suite, on the occasion of his visit to the Centennial next year.

Don Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, will leave Rio Janeiro in March, 1876, for Europe. After a short visit there he will attend the Centennial Celebration in the United States.

Mrs. Southworth, the novelist, who has been for several months under the care of a skilful oculist, at Yonkers, N. Y., has improved so far that she will soon return to her home in Georgetown, D. C.

Among recent English "personals" we notice that "Peasant Boy," a greyhound belonging to a Mr. Hemming, was sold a few days ago at auction for $675, which, as dogs go, is considered a fair figure.

The Sultan has decreed a railroad from Constantinople to Bagdad. Of course there will be a station at Nineveh, perhaps a water tank under Koyunjik; and another station at Babylon if the line be extended.

Holman Hunt's great picture, the "Shadow of Death," which was bought some time ago by a London firm of picture dealers for $50,000, is probably coming to America for exhibition. In London 120,000 people visited it in nine months.

There's a good deal in a name after all. Thirty colored ladies of Detroit have formed themselves into a secret literary society, and fitted up an elegant room for their meetings, which they call "The Queen of Sheba's Royal Council Chamber!"

Mr. Spurgeon is said to have a wonderful memory for names and faces. At the close of his Sunday services he steps out of his pulpit to the side of the door where his congregation passes out, and shakes hands with the members, calling each by name and inquiring after the families.

When Kaiser Wilhelm was visiting Victor Emanuel in Italy the other day, the two royal old fellows dined every day from a service of silver and Sevres porcelain, and washed their dainty viands down with Tokay wine 115 years old. A royal business visit is not without its charms.

Hans Tammer, an Austrian, is exhibiting, in Paris, a canine quartette. He has four dogs, and he has taught each dog to bark in two notes, and each dog's notes are different from those of the other dogs. He thus commands eight notes, and gives "Le Donne Mobile," and some other pieces. We should expect great things of those dogs in a barky role.

Miss Robinson, teacher in one of the lower grades in a Baltimore school, deserves at least "honorable mention." Fire broke out on one of the upper floors, and the pupils came rushing down in the wildest panic, when she ordered one of the assistant teachers to play a march, and, going from room to room, she had the children filed out quietly, without breaking step—or limbs.

The young daughter of the Duke d'Alba, the niece of the Empress Eugenie, was married the other day to the Duke of Medina-Coeli, at Madrid. The trousseau of the bride comprised among other trifles sixty handkerchiefs, one dozen of which cost $200 each, and the rest in proportion. In the first set the embroidery of the coat-of-arms had alone cost $100. The blended arms of Berwick and of Medina-Coeli were worked on them with threads of pure gold that neither wear nor washing can change. The young duchess also possesses several India shawls of the seven colors of the rainbow. The white one, which is a Persian cashmere, is embroidered all over with gold and turquoises.

Postmaster-General Jewell, is always civil, and sometimes humorous. He wrote as follows, recently, to a woman who had applied for a situation in the Dead Letter Office: "We have only fifty-seven ladies employed in this department, with the exception of a few translators and experts, and not more than two changes have occurred in that force for the last six months. None of them ever marry or die or resign. In fact, the Dead Letter division is a sort of mausoleum of buried affections—a place not governed by natural laws—for those who enter its charmed portals seem to lose all the motives and hopes and aspirations which sway and govern the denizens of the outside world. I regret that it is so, but so it is."

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

The German citizens of Philadelphia, it is said, are laying in an extra supply of saur crout, for the benefit of Centennial visitors.

A large number of excursions from England to America during the Centennial have been arranged, some of which will come by special steamers.

There is being manufactured a lake in the Centennial grounds by the excavation of half a dozen acres just west of Machinery Hall, the basin to be lined at the bottom with clay and on the sides with pebbles. The pipes are ready to fill it. One of the Austrian commissioners proposes to send such gondolas as are used in his country and Italy. The Centennial lake will be furnished with swans and fishes.

The reunion of Knights Templar in commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of American Independence, to be held in this city under the auspices of the R. E. Commandery of the State, promises to be a grand affair. This reunion will take place during the Twenty-third Annual Conclave of the Grand Commandery Knights Templar of Pennsylvania, to be held May 30th, 31st, and June 1st of next year. A grand Templar parade on Thursday, June 1st, will be participated in by Sir Knights from all quarters of the globe.

For the Art Exhibition at the Centennial, the most eminent American artists are understood to be at work, and it may be confidently stated that, especially in the department of landscape painting, the United States will present a finer display than the public has been led to expect. Aside from the contributions of American artists, applications from abroad call for more than four times the exhibiting space afforded by the great Memorial Hall. Provision for the surplus will be made in temporary fire-proof buildings, though all exhibiting nations will be represented in the central Art Gallery.

Among the principal works of art destined for exhibition at the Centennial from abroad is a large painting by Mr. John M. Tracy, of San Francisco, now being executed at Paris. It is entitled "The Battle of Stone River," and is a most successful result of an attempt to represent a scene of war and bloodshed from the standpoint of absolute realism. The picture is ten feet in length by five and a half high—showing over fifty important figures in the foreground, with the suggestion of innumerable forces in the distance. A fact that gives especial interest to the work is that the artist, as a Union soldier participated in the battle, and is thus enabled to add many a reminiscence to the faithful picture. The scene represents the desperate charge of the Second Division of the Fourteenth Army Corps across the river, led by the gallant Colonel J. F. Miller.

The Centennial Buildings Fire Department is at present under command of Captain W. C. Stewart, and consists of a detail of fifteen men, furnished by the American District Telegraph Co. The apparatus consists of one large Babcock fire extinguisher, one large Champion fire extinguisher, fifty small Babcock and Champion fire extinguishers, and two hose carts containing five hundred feet of hose. Matters are so arranged that the apparatus can be brought into almost instant service at the Main Building, Machinery Hall, or any of the adjacent buildings, and as the other buildings progress they will be equally protected from fire. The fire plugs, with very strong heads of water, are placed at convenient points within a few feet of either of the buildings, and as intimated, powerful streams from these plugs through strong gutta percha hose can be put in operation at any point within a few minutes.

Among the attractions at the Centennial will be an aeronautic observatory, of which Professor S. A. King will have the management. Prof. King will construct a number of new balloons of strong silk for use during the celebration, with which "captive" ascensions will be made daily. These balloons will carry from six to ten persons each, and will be allowed to ascend one to two thousand feet, the trip lasting from twenty minutes to half an hour. Strong ropes will be attached to the balloons, and they will be drawn down by a steam windlass. Every precaution will be taken to prevent accident. Hydrogen gas will be used, manufactured on the ground. The professor will twice or three times each week make aerial trips. One of the balloons for these trips will be the "Buffalo," built in Buffalo, N. Y. When the balloons are not in use they will be kept in a building constructed for the purpose. This enterprise will doubtless prove an interesting feature of the great celebration.

WHAT THE WHOLE FAMILY SAID.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

What did the whole family say? Well, listen now first to what the little Marie said.

It was the little Marie's birthday—the most beautiful of all days, she thought. All her small girl-friends and boy-friends came to play with her, and she wore her finest frock; this had been given to her by Grandmother, who was now with the good God; but Grandmother had cut it and made it herself before she went up into the bright, beautiful heavens. The table in Marie's room was shining with presents; there was the prettiest little kitchen, with all the belongings of a kitchen; and a doll that could twist its eyes and cry "Ugh!" when you pinched its stomach; ah! and there was a picture-book, too, full of the prettiest stories, to be read when somebody could read. But it was more beautiful than all the stories in the world to live to see many birthdays.

"Oh, it *is* so beautiful to live!" said the little Marie. "Godfather said that was the most beautiful fairy tale."

In the room next her were both her brothers. They were big boys, one of them nine years old, and the other eleven. They thought it beautiful to live, too, to live in their way; not to be babies like Marie, but thorough-going schoolboys; to get their high mark in class; to fight their schoolfellows, and like them all the better for it; to skate in the winter and ride velocipedes in the summer; to read of baronial castles, with drawbridges and dungeons, and to read of discoveries in Central Africa. On this subject, though, one of the boys had a misgiving—that all might be discovered before he was grown a man; then *he* was to go out on adventures. Life is the most beautiful fairy tale, said Godfather, and one takes part in it oneself.

It was on the parlor-floor these children played and lived; on the flat above them dwelt another branch of the family. And here, too, were children, but they had slipped their leading strings, they were so big; one son was seventeen and the other twenty; but one of them was very old indeed, said little Marie; he was twenty-five, and engaged to be married. All were well off; had good parents, good clothes, good attainments, and they knew their own minds.

"Clear the way! down with the old hoardings!" said they; "a free look out into the wide world; that is the finest thing we know of! Godfather is right: 'Life is the most beautiful fairy tale of all!'"

Father and mother, both elderly people (older than the children, naturally), said, with smiles on their lips, in their eyes, in their hearts:

"How young they are, the young folk! things won't go on in the world just as they fancy; still they will go on! Life is a wonderful, beautiful fairy tale!"

Higher up—a little nearer the sky, as we say when people occupy the attics—lived Godfather. Old was he, and yet so young in mind; always in good spirits. Many a long story could he tell. Far and wide had he been in the world, and from all the lands of the world were pretty tokens standing in his room. There were pictures from floor to ceiling, and some of the window-panes were of red or yellow glass; if one looked through them the whole world lay in sunshine, no matter however gray it might be on the outside. There were green plants growing in a great glass case, and in a globe attached to it there were gold fish swimming—they looked at one as if they knew many things they would not talk about. There was a smell of flowers here always, even in the winter; and in winter-time a great fire blazed on the hearth; it was so amusing to sit looking into it, and to hear how it cracked and crackled.

"It reads old memories out loud to me," said Godfather; and it seemed to little Marie, moreover, as if many pictures showed themselves in the fire. But in the large carved book-case close by stood the real books, and the one which Godfather read oftenest he called the book of books. It was the Bible. There was pictured the history of the world, and all mankind; of the Creation, the Flood, the Kings, and the King of Kings.

"All that has happened, and all that will happen, is written in this book!" said Godfather. "So infinitely much in one single book! Ay, and all that man has to pray for is entered there, in the prayer, 'Our Father.'

"It is the drop of Mercy!" said Godfather; "it is the pearl of comfort from God. It is laid as a gift upon the child's cradle—is laid on the child's heart. Little child, keep it carefully! never lose it, however big thou mayest grow, and thou wilt not be forsaken on life's changeful way—it will beam bright within thee—and thou wilt never be lost."

Godfather's eyes were brightened by it, till they shone with joy; once in his years of youth they had wept, and "this, too, was good," he said. "That was the time of trial; then all looked dark; now I have sunshine within and around me. The older one grows, the clearer one sees, in adversity and prosperity, that our Lord is in it all, that life is the most beautiful fairy tale; that this only He can give us, and that this goes on into eternity!"

"It is beautiful to live," said the little Marie; so, too, said the small and big boys; father and mother, the whole family, and chief of all, Godfather; and he had experience; he was the oldest of them all; knew all stories; and he said, "Life is the most beautiful fairy tale."

THE BOY AND THE NETTLE.

A boy was crying to his mother because he had been stung by a nettle.

"I am sure I never thought it would hurt me," he said, "for I only touched it as easy as I could."

"That is just why it stung you," replied his mother. "If you had grasped it firmly, it would have done you but little harm."

That is it, children. Evils that are boldly and bravely met will not hurt as much as those which we meet with a faint heart and a feeble hand. So, dear readers, remember and grasp the nettle.

GOLDILOCKS.

BY ORLMADIN.

Little Anna Goldilocks
Was a winsome pet,
Full of fun and frolic,
Sweet and good, and yet
Brimming o'er with mischief
That drove poor mamma wild,
And caused her many a heartache
For her dear, but willful child.

Naughty little Anna,
Tired of fun and play,
Just a little cross, refused
Her mamma to obey,
And mamma, grieving sorely
That Anna should do so,
Told her she should pack her trunks,
And off to Boston go.

Anna thought a little,
And nodding her bright head:
"Well, you may go, mamma."
This roguish wee one said,
"And papa 'll help you pack your trunks,
And then we'll have such fun,
When mamma's gone away off,"
Said this naughty little one.

Sorry for her naughty words?
Not a bit was she,
While mamma told her how she hoped
That even she'd better be,
And that when eventide should come,
Before she went to bed,
She'd tell her she was sorry
For all she'd done and said.

Soft blue eyes are dancing,
Dimples come and go,
Golden hair like thistle-down,
Is waving to and fro,
While laughter, sweet as fairy bells,
Comes ringing in from play,
When Anna dreams of fun to come,
When mamma goes away.

* * * * * *

Evening came, and Goldilocks
Was snugly placed in bed,
Sweet good-nights were given,
And little prayers were said:
But still the little maiden
No sorrow would express,
Nor one regret at mamma's grief
For her misdeeds confess.

"Mamma, dear, you mustn't go
And leave us both," said she,
"For if you do, what will become
Of poor papa and me?
And there are all my pretty dolls,
Must they, too, go away?
I guess you'd better kiss me,
And tell me you will stay.

"But still I isn't sorry
One little, tiny mite;
And so if you're *bound* to go,
You'd better pack to-night;
But if you'll leave my dollies here,
So that we girls can play,
I'll put a little bit o' one
Away down in the tray,

"And when you take it out at night,
No matter where you'll be,
You'll look at prettie dollie,
And then remember me!"
Perhaps you can imagine
How her poor mamma felt,
As, bursting into tears, she close
Beside that cot-bed knelt.

While Anna sprang as quick as thought,
All in her night-gown white,
And threw her arms round mamma's neck
Half wild with grief and fright,
While sobbingly she whispered,
In words so sweet and low:
"Oh, mamma, I'm so sorry!
I WILL be good! DON'T GO!"

How far more precious to the heart
Of mamma than before,
With clinging lips and kisses sweet,
Good-nights were whispered o'er,
And praying that our Father kind
Will her in safety keep:
Safe sheltered in her mother's arms
Lies Goldilocks asleep.

THE REJECTED LOVER!

OR

The Adventures of Robert Temple.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER I.

COMING BACK.

Love one that does not love you, answer one that does not call you, and you will run a fruitless race.—*Old Proverb.*

"Heigh-ho! Home again! Home again, at last."

The crowded West Indian steamer, Bonnie Belle, was safely-moored along side the sunny quay. Scores of tough hearts were beating a trifle faster than their wont, for there is a certain exhilleration, even to the most hardened wanderer in "coming home." Scores of watching eyes began to blink suspiciously as the spires of the city rose in the dim distance against the still gray skies. A sudden quick tremor ran through the timbers so many eager feet were pressing, eager to be moving, to touch the shores of home.

"Here we are then, home at last!" and Robert Temple, a tall and handsome lad of twenty, standing a little apart from the crowd, turned his face thirstily to drink the air that blew up from the sunny New York avenues. "Yes, thank Heaven, I'm home at last, and so much nearer my fate. I wonder now, I wonder if she is thinking of me this morning, if she is looking out for my return!"

"Yes; as you say, we are home again; some of us, I fancy, with a feeling that time has been busy at work, making strangers of us in our native land. Been absent long? Beg pardon, sir!" the speaker continued, as Robert Temple turned rather suddenly, "but, I overheard you talking and—and—well. I, too, am coming home. I was born here, but was taken South when I was a chap of only a dozen years."

The stranger, a yellow-faced elderly West Indian trader pulled his cloak together about his shivering figure, and at the end of his speech proceeded to stare, a little inquisitive, into Robert Temple's handsome, sunburned face.

"I have been gone from New York six years, or thereabouts," the young man returned, frankly responsive.

"Only six years; not a very long time, but I was quite a boy when I went away, and have been something of a wanderer since. I realize this morning that there is a difference in the feel of the soil when a man puts foot on home ground after a long absence."

"Notwithstanding we haven't touched ground yet," retorted the other.

"I'll wager now," he peered closely into the young man's face. "I'll wager now, it's not exactly love of home that draws you back. You've got a tenderer tie—a sweetheart—eh! young fellow?"

Robert laughed a little; the cordial tone of the elder man relieved his speech of simple impertinence or vulgar curiosity.

"I fancy that most of us have some near and dear ones waiting to give us the welcome kiss."

The handsome young lover's face grew tenfold handsomer and brighter as he answered:

"A man would be only half a man in my opinion, if he didn't take the trouble to answer when a sweet and tender voice was calling him to come."

"Yes, yes!" the West Indian laughed pleasantly. "You're right there, young I like to hear you say it, you bring my own young days, and I had come to the conclusion that there no love matches now-a-days, that race of lovers, like the Aztecs, was extinct one. And all the same, too, a man who is not above showing tion for the soil he was reared on. these days, too, when there is so h of this confounded travel and ney sneering at anything less than a land. Hi, there! you infernal beg- that is my luggage." Breaking t off in his tirade the excited West an rushed forward in pursuit of a less porter, leaving his sentiments he score of loyalty to one's country forever, by us, unrecorded.

obert Temple was not sorry to be e, either. Standing a little apart the others he watched the rush of sengers ashore. He waited patiently the crowd had partially thinned, taking his portmanteau he stepped he plank. What was that cry that, then, before he had touched earth, e simultaneously from the wharf the steamer's deck, ringing out over blue water, under the still gray s?

Man overboard!" The awful tidings caught shrilly up and tossed from at to throat.

Man overboard!"

nd then in another, a more excited of passengers back and forth, Rob- Temple himself came near being pt into the shuddering depth of still k water gleaming far below. Glanc- down he caught a glimpse of a white , with tangled locks of bright yellow washing round it, just a glimpse then—and then white face and len hair went down again, out of t under the dreadful water.

here was a great commotion, a rush- to and fro of men, shouts and cries, e were got out, the captain shouted s men, not a soul there but yearns help, and meantime the face in the er is going down. God! is there e to save him? Down, down to adful death!

human being dying this bright day! re is a great plunge; for stopping to throw off his outer coat, thrust- his portmanteau into the hand that nces to be nearest to receive it, Rob- Temple leaps down into the sea, in rch of the drowning, drifting man.

Would they ever come up again, these e? The crowd of pale-faced men and men gathered closer as they waited. ere was a brief interval of sickening spense, and then a strong arm cleft water amid the loud huzzas of the tchers. Robert came to the surface, staining a limp and helpless figure as rose.

He shook his wet hair out of his eyes he lifted his handsome face well out the water.

"Ho, boatswain! man the boat," he outed cheerily, and not a soul in that eat crowd but loved him as he spoke, Look out for the breakers! All hands it."

Another moment he stood on deck, fe and sound. His senseless burden s carried below to the ship doctor's re; but the crowd stayed with the ung hero of the hour.

"I'm dripping wet," he laughed, oking down at himself. The deck was tty well washed where he stood, and all rivulets trickled across and dripp- again into the sea. "I suppose I d better go down and make what ange I can in my dress. I should rely set the carriage afloat if I were to at into one in this plight."

Glad to escape the wearying protesta- ons of his admirers, he dived down e stairs, overturning a small boy who s coming in search of him with hot hiskey.

When he made his appearance again, rayed in a fresh suit of navy blue hich the captain insisted on his ac- pting, he found the coast clear; the all army of admirers had dispersed. ad to escape further importunity and ling rather chilled and tired, he was trying smartly forward when a hand id on his arm detained him. Just en a private carriage with servants in lery was driven up the landing. An remely limp and tottering figure, ll wrapped in furs and shawls was led into it, and then it whirled off.

Robert Temple saw that much. Had been but a few moments earlier on ck, he would have seen more. When at limp and drooping, but well wrapp- up figure of a man made its appear- ce on the landing, preparing to step o the carriage, a shabby woman car- ng a little child in her arms, started from somewhere amid the bales and xes, and rushed towards him.

"Albert!" this shabby woman cried, rilly—"Albert, oh, you have come at st!"

To have seen that man's face then uld have been to see a horrible sight. Ickly, scowling, fierce, livid, and amed with passion. The servants ood around. A glance at the woman's ce would have shown that she too was autiful once—but aged now with sorr and the weeping of many Magdalen ters.

The woman saw the look the man's ce wore, and she started back away m him horrified.

"Oh, my God! don't look at me like t! Albert, I'm starving, give me some ney."

e got his tongue then.

"Curse you, who are you," he shouted, "et your money on the street. Why do you speak to me?"

er white face whitened still. She ld the child she carried up before him.

"Who am I? Albert, look at this ld!—it is yours—give me something to keep it alive."

Maddened beyond words, or the ex- pression of words, the infuriated man caught a riding whip from the hand of his servant standing near him. Lifting his arm he drew the lash across the child's face in a stinging blow. The child screamed out with a sharp loud cry of terror and pain. The woman moaned faintly; she fell back; even the servants, used perhaps to their master's temper were shocked into silence.

With a furious oath, he bade them ap- proach the carriage and help him in, and so he left the scene—and this was what Robert Temple missed seeing.

"My dear sir—one moment!" and turn- ing, impatient at the delay, young Tem- ple beheld the captain.

"Going, eh? Your friend, the drowned man yonder, has got the start of you after all, you see?"

The captain nodded his grizzled old head in the direction of the receding carriage.

"Ah! I see from his actions he is rather weak still. I hope he sustains no spe- cial injury because of his untimely bath. He was a long time in the water."

Temple's lips curved slightly with scorn as he said this. He was not of an exacting nature, nor was he an unrea- sonable man; but this unceremonious de- parture, taken by the person who owed his life to him, stirred the young fellow into a feeling akin to scorn.

"Injury! No, no injury; but, gad! we thought he was dead, surely, at first!" the captain answered. "And then the way he came out of it, once he began to rally. Gad! it was something wonder- ful, the manner in which he gathered his senses together and made off. And—look here!" The captain stammered and blundered in his hurry, as Robert was edging off. "He left these with me for you—a token of his gratitude." Here the captain grinned. "He desired me to thank you, in his behalf, for having saved his life."

While he was speaking, the captain had pressed into Robert Temple's hand, which was mechanically extended to re- ceive it, a certain sum of money. Money —the rescued man's thank-offering for the precious breath of life which had been saved for him through another man's bravery.

It was gold — five bright, shining pieces, fresh from the mint. Robert looked down at them as they lay on the palm of his hand. He was bewildered for the moment; then he woke up to a sense of the service he had rendered, and for which this money was intended to be a full acknowledgement—a fitting re- ward. A black frown gathered his eye- brows together—his eyes flashed con- temptuously.

"Money! why, I don't want the man's money!" he burst out. "I wouldn't save a man's life for gold. How dare he presume to leave it for me!"

The captain thought he was going to fling it away out into the water. He looked strangely tempted for a moment; then his face cleared, and he burst into a cheery laugh.

"No, no, captain! I'll take the man's thanks, since you bring them; but the money—well, you keep the money. I couldn't think of accepting it. Good- bye!"

"But—God bless your soul, look here, young man!" stammered the captain, his words tripping over each other in his excitement. "Why, bless your soul, sir, I can't keep the money. I have not so much as the ghost of a claim to it. No, sir; keep it yourself. You have earned it if a man ever earned anything, and seven times the double of it, too. But the less said about that the better. You will find use enough for it over there," said the captain, nodding his grizzled old head toward the city spires, now fast bronzing in the noonday skies. "There are plenty of people over there who will be glad enough to relieve you of any amount of spare change you happen to have about you."

"You're right there, captain," re- sponded Temple, totally mistaking the old sailor's meaning. "I have little doubt there is want and woe enough over there which a bit of gold will go a long way in relieving. So I'll keep it, and the first needy wretch I see shall have it."

He stepped ashore, thinking of the incident of the man whose life he had saved, wondering where he had seen him before. The face that he had seen deep down in the water appeared strangely and unpleasantly familiar to him.

"He was the sick passenger—the man who kept so close to his state-room," mused Robert. "I am sure of that, and I am sure I have seen him somewhere sometime before; but where—where, and when!" he tapped his forehead, trying to stir his lagging memory. "Ho, come forth! Who is he, and why the deuce didn't he stop to speak to me after I had saved his worthless life? It is worth- less—five gold pieces! and getting my- self so confoundedly wet, too. I feel moist. I wish I had a Jamaica sun, now, to dry me. But I haven't; I'm home—I'm on shore. Huzza! What a pity a man can't shout in the street with- out a policeman stepping up to him with a warrant for lunacy."

He walked briskly up the landing.

"And this infernal Judas gold! What am I to do with it? I can't keep it. It burns my hand. It is like an evil touch. Pah! it smells of meanness—it gleams hideously! I will fling it into the gut- ter, and let the boys scramble for it! Hah!"

He had stepped along some paces, and there, curled up among the boxes and bales, was a figure—the crouched figure of a woman. A woman! Was she ill! Coming fresh from the tropics, where all is light, warmth and Nature's pro- fuse bounty on every hand, Robert re- coiled at sight of this wretched outcast —type of the penury abounding in the great gold-gorged cities of the cold North.

The woman did not stir. Was she ill, faint? was she overtaken—what? Ro- bert hesitated no longer. He walked quickly up to that poor shrinking form. She carried a child in her arms, of course —oh, pitiful "of course!" when want, sin, misery, embodied in a woman's form stalks abroad, it carries always a child hugged to its scarred and battered breast. This woman, too, held, half un- conscious, her cross in her arms. There is always this difference in the way that men and women carry their cross: Man carries his on his shoulders, bowed down, it is true; spent and broken, the sweat of agony on his forehead. Woman car- ries her's in her arms, hugged tight to her breast, the thorns piercing her very heart. The sweat of agony is not on her forehead, it gushes from her eyes in hot, scalding tears. Oh, the difference is pitiful!

This woman carried her cross, a tiny two-year old child in her arms. A faded old shawl was wrapped about the little creature. It looked up with big blue, blinking eyes as Robert approached. The young man saw then, on the pretty tear- wet face, a long dark-red welt, as if a brutal blow recently struck it. The wo- man's face was dropped down—hidden out of sight on the child's tiny bosom. Her attitude was that of a creature worn out, ill, wretched — oh, indescribably wretched and weary of life.

"Madam, are you ill? Can I help you in any way? This is no place for you."

Robert spoke in a gentle but authori- tative voice.

"No place for her!" Oh, the irony of it! In all God's bright world where was there a place for her that morning? And yet at sound of his voice, that fresh, sweet voice of Robert Temple's, in which something of the innocence of childhood and all the tenderness of his gay, high spirits rang, the woman lifted her face—such a face!—and stared, simply stared at him, not once thinking that voice could be addressing *her*—poor outcast!

"Madam," Robert would not be re- pulsed, "I ask you, are you ill? are you suffering in any way? If it is anything that money can relieve, take this. Nay, you are quite welcome, and no thanks."

Robert laid the five gold pieces in her passive hand, then turned to go his way, then stopped again. The child was moaning. The long red welt on the little face was growing darker, some drops of blood trickled from it.

The young man, moved with pity, fumbled in his pocket. He remembered having put a handkerchief somewhere about him when he changed his clothes. He drew it out; it chanced to be a new one, one of a dozen that his sewing wo- man in Jamaica had prepared for him, finely hemstitched and marked with his name in full.

He shook it out and laid its fragrant linen folds over the child's swollen, blis- tered face. The woman looked mutely on. It seemed to Robert that she was studying him; but he was too preoccu- pied to heed the expression of her face, or to read the story it told.

"You ought to take the young one to a druggist at once," he said, a little im- patiently. "Don't you see how it's face is getting inflamed? You should have it seen to without delay. How came it to get such a dreadful hurt? There, go now. You've got money enough."

If he could but have seen the woman's face as he walked away. She had not spoken a word to him, he remembered afterward. Some great emotion, which he did not notice at the time, kept her mute. It seemed incomprehensible afterward, when time made all things clear, that he should not have recognized her—that he was so near to her, and touched her hand, and looked into her eyes, and passed her by, knowing her not.

"He spoke kindly to me—he, a stran- ger almost; wiped my baby's face and gave me money." The woman pressed the handkerchief to her parched lips and gratefully kissed it. "And he—*his* cursed us! Do you hear?" She shook the child wildly, till the frightened little thing cried out. "Your father cursed you! Oh, God, curse him in turn, and bless with every earthly good the man who gave me money to keep life in your starved body!"

So the first hand that touched Robert Temple's when he set foot on his native shores, touched it to put gold into his palm. And the first woman to whom he spoke, into whose eyes he looked, fol- lowed him with blessings profuse enough to keep warm all his coming years. Was there anything significant in that?

CHAPTER II.

A WOMAN'S PICTURE.

Love is a sweet tyranny, because the lover endureth his torment willingly.
—*Old Proverb.*

"Yes, it is good to be home once more. But a hotel is not home exactly, is it? There is no warmth to be got from an inn hearth. A man wants a fireside of his own; he yearns for clinging hands to greet him, bright eyes to look into, and lips to give him brave kisses. Heigh- ho! I am half inclined to fear that mine is but a fool's errand after all—that I had better have stayed on the tobacco plantations in Jamaica, happy and con- tented, even at the cost of ignorance, and a half savage enjoyment of life, sun- shine and dirt."

Robert Temple, in his comfortable room at the hotel, stood up and stretched his hands out over the fire which had been built for him by a hot and indig- nant waiter. Coming fresh from the tropics, the temperate airs of New York blew over him chilly, and he shivered over the grate. He threw down the po- ker, yawned, went to the window and looked out, then turning away, his face flushing boyishly as he did so, he sta- tioned himself before the glass, and gave himself—his face and figure and general bearing—a long and critical survey.

A handsome face! ay, and a thoroughly brave and honest one. Truth and health and high spirit shone in the bright glances of his frank blue eyes. The flush of strength and of untainted blood darkened his sunburned cheeks. His bright waved hair was turned carelessly away from a broad white forehead, and a joyous smile seemed to be ever lurk- ing about the well-cut lips under the sweep of his golden moustache.

The lad's eyes sparkled when he per- ceived in what full measure he possessed that delicious beauty that all women love—strength and courage that might make his fortune among men—a nature fitted for keen, ecstatic joy—a heart to love—a hand to fight life's battles—he was well equipped for the tournament of love.

"I've brought all my gifts fresh for *her*," he said softly to himself. "I've never loved another woman. My heart is free for her to tread on if she wills to do so—hers, for good or ill, to make or mar, which ever she chooses. What was that rhyme my mother used to re- peat when she wished to rebuke me for any boyish excess of cruelty?

"'If you can't make it,
You ought not to break it.'

"But I suppose that warning applies to china cups and flimsy glass filigrees, rather than to things of flesh and blood. A human heart, all alive with joyous hope and expectation! God! How easy for a woman to break that, though she can't make it over after her work is done."

He grew slightly pale; then turning away, he seated himself at the little ta- ble where the fire was burning.

Taking a picture and a package of letters from his pocket, he spread them out before him. Then opening the pic- ture case, he bent over it, musing long and earnestly.

A woman's face, a woman's eyes looked up at him, and both face and eyes were beautiful. They were as soft and fair as a photograph—a style of portrait- ure cold and expressionless at the best— would permit them to be. The face was girlishly pure and tender.

It seemed to young Temple that the red blood came flushing up its courses under the shell-clear skin beneath his earnest gaze, and the soft serene brown eyes fell away abashed from the look of his own.

Truly a lovely woman's face—a face worthy to be set in a man's memory for- ever.

Laying the picture aside, he took up the letter and began to read. The paper was fine, pink tinted and initialed, and faintly violet scented. The writing was characteristically fine and lady-like— somewhat puzzling to poor Robert's un- trained powers—but if he looked at the interlooped writing with increased dis- satisfaction, the sentiments it expressed were surely unobjectionable, and such as befitted a modest girl to write; and, above all—oh, above all else!—the letters were signed with a sweet girl's name, and two of the sweetest lover words our English speech has ever coined:

"Your own Rose."

Rose! He kissed the name, and blessed the writer of those tender words.

"I remember her as a girl," he mused —"a pretty slip of a thing, with chest- nut-brown locks of hair floating in the air when she ran to meet me, her cheeks dimpling, her lips smiling. How pretty she was, and how she cried when we parted, and bade me come back some fu- ture time to her.

"It was only a girl's promise she made," he went on, as he put away let- ters and picture and got himself ready for the street. "They were a girl's tears, a girl's smiles she gave me, and a girl's promise to be true to her childish sweetheart. But, somehow—more fool I, perhaps—somehow I can't help be- lieving that the grown woman's heart will treasure what the soft-lipped girl cherished so fondly."

And so musing, so believing, he shut the door and went down—went out to meet his fate. Young, ardent, trustful, hastening on with springing steps, with nothing but some sweet-smelling memo- ries of youth—fair frost-bitten flowers we find them mostly—only these and a girl's promise to lean on.

Oh, happy youth! If but the girl's promise prove true!

He was passing through the office be- low, on his way to the street, when an old gentleman, who was standing in one of the windows, turned and stared at him with a wondering gaze.

"What! Temple! I am sure it's Ro- bert Temple—home again, at last."

Robert turned quickly. He beheld in the speaker thus familiarly accosting him a white-headed old gentleman of benev- olent aspect, who advanced, holding out a friendly hand.

"Mr. Vane!" A dark flush over- spread the youth's face as he took the hand thus proffered him. "Mr. Vane, my oldest friend." And then the flush faded, leaving him paler than before. "I had hoped that a familiar face might give me welcome home, but I had not hoped for so much as this—the pleasure of seeing you."

"I came down to meet a friend who has deceived me, it seems," returned Mr. Vane, who was perhaps a little sur- prised at the young fellow's emotion. "You came by the Bonnie Belle? Yes! And you're not a bit changed, Temple, not a bit, let me tell you. You look the same you did—only a little grown—but just the same you did the day you left us. Let me see. Was it six or seven— yes, six—the day you left us six years ago."

The old gentleman's garrulity gave Robert time to recover himself. He laughed a little low, happy laugh.

"Well, I don't think I'm changed over much, sir. I am only a little weightier, as you may say—a little more bowed down with a sense of the responsibilities and needs of life," he finished, proudly.

Poor Robert. So much of a boy yet, and talking of his life's responsibilities! Mr. Vane smiled a little amusedly.

"And you are come to stay with us for good?" he asked.

He knew pretty well. The old have a knack of reading the stories of the young. Those twinkling, experienced old eyes that seem so dim and blurred, dive deep down into the heart that is so fresh and inexperienced, and read the secret there—love, hope, passion, expec- tation. Why, they know it is there; they know it instinctively—just as the officers knew of the papers hidden in poor Major Andre's boots—and they whisk it out in a second while the poor culprit stands trembling.

"You are come to stay permanently?" asked Mr. Vane. "You have left Ja- maica for good, I suppose, and will make New York your home hereafter?"

"If I can find anything to do," an- swered Robert, frankly. "To tell the truth, the question of my going or stay- ing depends, somewhat. I am not rich, as you know. I have got the old place up in the country, but for all that I must work for my living. Thank heaven, I am young and strong, and brimful of energy, so the thought of work doesn't frighten me at all. It rather agrees with me."

He laughed lightly as he spoke, and stretched out his arms lissomly, a happy grace in all his movements, and Mr. Vane watched him, a sharp touch of envy for so much youth and grace and beauty wasted on one human being thrilling his cool old blood.

"No, no; I should say not; work does not frighten you. You young fellows are to be envied." He sighed and smiled at the same time. "You have got all your life before you, and your limbs are strong for the race. If you like you had better come around to see me. Come to my office, say to-morrow morning, at twelve, and I'll see what I can do for you. I may see the way to put some- thing rather nice in your hands. You know the world has prospered with me since you went away."

Mr. Vane, as he was speaking, had put his hand in a friendly manner on the young fellow's shoulder.

Perhaps he was wishing that heaven had given him such a son—that now, in his old age, this stalwart, strong young frame, this stout shoulder was his to lean on. He looked wistfully in the young man's face, and his—Robert's— heart beat thickly with many crowding hopes. The eyes were not dim and gray that looked so pleadingly into his. They were soft, sweet girlish eyes, and the face was not a wrinkled, white-bearded face. It was tender and true, and fair as heaven could make it; it was shaded by the locks of thick, soft chestnut tresses that wound about it. It was the serene and tender face of his love, fair Rosalind Vane.

"I have prospered," Mr. Vane was repeating. "After a long life of anxiety and struggles, fortune took a turn for the better and lifted me to the pinnacle of my hopes."

"Yes, I see," Robert answered. "Things seem to be different with you. When I went away you were living on the old Vane plantation up the river. How well I remember the old place! I hope you keep it still?"

"Yes, yes," repeated Mr. Vane. "I keep it yet. I keep it, I confess, chiefly because Rose—my Rosalind; you remem- ber her, Temple?—won't let me part with it. The celebrated will case—you must remember that, too?—was decided in my favor, and I stepped not only into great wealth, but into the honors of a grand old name, and a spotless business reputation. By the way; have you been up in the country yet—up to the old place? No; of course not; you have not

had time, I suppose, for any running about?"

"I was going round to Portage's, my agent, to-night," replied Robert. "He was urging me to sell——"

"Ah! Well, I'll not detain you." Mr. Vane held out his hand. "It is already getting late, and if you want to catch Portage before he leaves the city you've no time to lose. You will come around and see us soon: Ross will be glad to welcome you. Ross has changed a good deal," the old gentleman went on quietly and apparently not noticing the hot red flush that overspread the other's face; perhaps he was used to seeing men—more especially young men—flush and falter at mention of his daughter's name.

"I remember your daughter as being very beautiful, sir," faltered poor Robert, hardly knowing what to say, and thinking of that lovely pictured face against which his hot young heart was beating rapidly. "Oh! how beautiful she was, I used to think of it afterwards, after I was gone, and wonder how she would look when she was grown to be a woman, and learned the power of beauty. She and I were fast friends and playmates, you know," he added, a trifle pleadingly, in response to something not quite pleasant in Mr. Vane's face.

"Oh! oh, yes! you used to see a good deal of each other as children, in the country! Well, you will soon see for yourself, now, Ross has changed, has grown up to be a beauty and a belle, even in this city of belles," said the proud and fond old father, every other emotion forgotten as soon as he began to ring the changes of his daughter's charms. "A beauty and a belle, but by some inconsistency in her making up, possessed of a woman's tender nature—a loving heart!"

A beauty and a belle, and yet—Oh, reassuring words—and yet possessed of a woman's loving heart!

The old gentleman trotted off up the street to his office, and Robert stood and watched him till the flash of his gold headed cane could be no longer seen. The lad's face had lost somewhat that look of a frank and joyous carelessness habitual to it. "I'll go and see her to-night," he thought. "I cannot bear this sickening suspense longer. There will be plenty of time even after I return from Portage's. I'll go and see her; I'll meet her face to face; and then, my fate, come on!"

His mind was made up. He stepped out into the rush, the glitter and sunshine of the New York streets, and as he did so, two youths sauntered up arm in arm and paused before him. Robert looked at them—their dress and speech and general *beau monde* air having for the moment an inexplicable fascination for him. They were evidently men of fashion and society, of the "clothes wearing" fraternity; fair-faced, languid, gloved and scented youths, who doubtless affected morning receptions and evening parties, made up the desired number for a quadrille and handed young ladies down to supper; calm, courteous, superior, forever magnificent and forever bored. They had been across the river, and now returning, cigar in mouth, were discussing the day's sport and the evening's prospective entertainment.

"I'm ticketed for the Roundell Palmer's concern," murmured one languidly. "Confounded bore, but I promised to take Hattie out. Music classic style, and all that, you know. Fellow's apt to go asleep listening er. Good style, but heavy, you know."

"One thing, the spread is good, Jenkins tells me," responded swell number two. "The new beauty, Ross Vane hangs out there, don't she. Fellows say she's to be seen there."

"Couldn't say as to that," was the languid reply. "Don't see any attraction, for my part, in these nervous high stepping fillies. Too much-er fire. Want too much holding in. Don't answer for a girl to-er sat on a fellow too heavy, you know. Girl like this Vane, too, brought up in the woods."

His words were here of a sudden choked off. Robert Temple had listened, his heart beating more hotly at every word. The last sentence swept all his prudence to the words. What! his love, his treasure, Ross Vane whose name was so sacred that he hardly dared whisper it to himself in the silence and seclusion of his chamber, to be spoken of in this way, sneeringly by these impertinent lads, at the open doors of the hotels, in the open streets, as any notorious woman of the town might be spoken of, and he, Robert Temple listen and not avenge her?

He made one single step forward, and stretching out his arm, he took the speaker by the neck and shook him back and forth.

"Do you know whom you are speaking of," he shouted, his face glaring with fury. "I am a friend of this lady whom you insult, whose fair name you sully, tossing it back and forth in this foul air. Have a care after this, will you, and be more respectful in your talk about women when you are in the public streets."

"Confound you!" cried the assaulted man, by a violent twist of his body, releasing himself from Robert's grasp. "What do you mean, attacking me in this way? Are you mad? Who are you?"

The youth of fashion was not a coward by all means, and the first shock of surprise at the unexpected onset over, he obeyed his first instinct, which was to hit straight out from his shoulder, and Robert's hat rolled on the pavement under the feet of the crowd. His own clothing was sadly disarranged. His eye glasses were twisted and hanging loose, his collar was torn across by Robert's strong grasp, and his fair hair hung dishevelled over his furious pale face.

"What do you mean, you bully, attacking a man in the street, in this way," he again demanded, pulling his disordered clothing as straight as he could.

"I am not a bully," bravely answered Robert; but he felt that his face was coloring painfully. "You, I overheard you mentioning a lady's name, in a tone and manner I did not approve of." A fiercely muttered imprecation from the other interrupted him, and his blood fired again. But he held himself better in hand now.

"We, the people I have lived among did not usually accompany a lady's name with oaths," he said quietly. "They were simple gentlemen, bred as nature made them, loyal and true, and if a woman was worth speaking of at all, and what woman is not, they spoke of her with respect."

He paused and took a card from his pocket.

"That is my name! I am stopping here at the Astor. Will you give me your card? Thanks! I will communicate with you in the morning, or you will know where to find me if you want me."

He picked up his hat and began to straighten the bent and crumpled brim. The two gilded youths of fashion hailed a carriage and jumped into it, the crowd of small boys that had collected about them in joyous anticipation of a fight, dispersed with derisive comments on the whole proceeding.

Robert himself walked away, feeling strangely beaten, out of tune, subdued. Somehow the act he had just been guilty of, weighed upon him like a crime committed. All the lingering color of generosity and high bred chivalry faded out as he went over the event, the blow he had given and its provocation.

What was its provocation! Only a woman's name given sneeringly by a curled darling of the society she moved in. The society that flattered her and fawned on her to her face. Why, perhaps he, this—he looked at the card given him—Gerald Fairfax, this youth whom he had chastised would be her partner in the dance to-night, and she would smile in his face, lean on his arm, and be sweet and gracious, and lovable, according to the dictate of her "loving woman's heart," while he, Robert Temple, stood out in the cold, and looked on. He shut his teeth together as he asked himself what would *she*—she of all persons in the world, think of this defence he had undertaken in behalf of her name.

"What a Quixotic fool I am," he thought, repentantly. "Am I a bully, as he said? I don't mean to be one; but I suppose fighting of any sort is a species of rowdyism, no matter what the provocation. I must go and see this Gerald Fairfax to-morrow, and apologise. Apologise. How shall I look, I wonder, what shall I say? But, question seriousest of all, would Rosalind Vane give me kisses in return for the blows I deal for her, would she let me take her sweet fame in charge forever, and shield it from all harm? Ah, Ross! This is the day of my coming home to you. And I've not seen the end yet! I have yet, ah, Ross, why do I trouble. I have yet to see *you*."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACETIÆ.

THE YOUNG SCHOOL-MA'M'S SOLILOQUY.

How sweet it is to instruct the infant mine!
("Teacher, Jim's poking me behind.")
To watch the intellect like a bud unfold;
("Say, mayn't I warm my hands? They're cold.")
Teach tiny feet to walk in Wisdom's path,
("Mith Thmith, pleath hear the primer clath.")
Guileless and fresh, and innocent and fair,
("Hello Brown's a-pulling of my hair.")
Earnest young souls for me to guide aright.
("School-marm, Bob says he's gwine to fight.")
Eager young souls that must be taught to think.
("I'm thirsty; can't I have a drink?")
Truly my lines have fallen in pleasant places.
("Teacher, Polly Jane's making faces.")
Oh, my, there's John, fixed up from tip to toes!
Those stupid young ones! Well, it's time to close.

"SOME infernal idiot has put that pen where I can't find it," growled Old Asperity, the other day, as he rooted about the desk. "Ah, um, yes; I thought so," he continued, in a lower key, as he hauled the article from behind his ear.

FOUR men were enjoying a little game of euchre in a saloon, the other night, when a boy poked in his head and said:

"There's a woman out here who wants to know if Mr. —— is in here."

The men didn't exactly hear what the name was, but three of them got out of the side door as suddenly as though a small-pox patient had been brought in. There is nothing singular about this, only the one left was a single man.

ORNAMENTAL vs. USEFUL.—Servant: "I suppose, ma'am, I shall not have to wait at table?"

Lady: "Oh, no; I want a housemaid."

Servant: "I suppose, ma'am, I shall not have to make the beds?"

Lady, surprised but composedly: "Certainly not!"

Servant, thinking the place will suit: "And I suppose, ma'am, I shall not be expected to answer the door?"

Lady: "Of course not! The fact is, I want a servant to look at, and I don't think you will do!"

INNOCENT remarks are often made which occur to you immediately after as open to an interpretation that you did not intend. It is not always safe, however, to correct them. Blobbs was dining with a little party at Mrs. Scroggs', who, despite her angular outlines, would wear low-necked dresses. Blobbs was "not particular" about what piece of the turkey he had, and consequently got the neck. After striving in vain to obtain any sustenance from it, he remarked:

"Mrs. Scroggs, your neck hasn't any meat on it. That is," he added, blushing furiously, as the *double entente* struck him, "I m-m-mean the neck of this turkey."

A BOTHERED DARKEY.—A Vicksburg negro applied to a citizen the other day for a little advice, asking:

"Mr. Thomas, would you lend Cuff Jones forty dollars if you was me?"

"Well, what security can he offer?"

"A mortgage."

"A mortgage! Why, what has he got to mortgage?"

"Dat's what bodders me, Mr. Thompson. I knows he don't own nuffin but de duds on his back."

"Well, then, how can he give you a mortgage?"

"Dat's de question, Mr. Thompson. No, he can't do it, and I'se made up my mind dat he can't have de money unless he gives me his note of hand!"

A STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.—Scene, a French shop at the seaside.

Young Lady, wishing to improve her French: "Oh—er—esker vous avy——"

Tradesman, wishing to show off his English: "Oh, yes, mees—sairtenly!"

Young Lady: "Alore vooly voo envoyay—"

Tradesman: "Vatevare you vill please, mees!—Tare?"

Young Lady: "Er—ye demury Roo de l'Echew, newmero——"

Tradesman: "Vat nombare, mees?"

Young Lady: "Oh, hatter-vang-kangs; vi-zerveo le Bewro de——"

Tradesman: "Yes, mees—in falce of ze office of post. Vat a beautifool time it meks to-day!" etc., etc., etc.

A GOOD story is lately current here of one of our city clergymen who is famous for his manly, earnest goodfellowship. He was traveling on the cars on the New York and New Haven road, not long since, engaged in a pleasant chat with a friend, when he was repeatedly annoyed by a drunken bummer in the seat in front, who persisted in attempting to engage him in conversation. At last, wearied beyond endurance, the clergyman arose, and, turning the man sharply away from him, said:

"You are drunk, and I don't wish to hear or see anything more of you."

The bummer sank in silence for a moment, and then once more turned and, gazing reproachfully at the clergyman, exclaimed, so as to be heard nearly the whole extent of the car by the passengers, whose attention had generally been directed that way:

"Mr. T——, 'pears to me you don't care anything at all 'bout my soul."

HENRI QUANZ, was a celebrated flutist in the reign of Frederick the Great, and had the honor of directing the studies of this monarch on his favorite instrument. On one occasion he introduced one of his pupils to Frederick, and the king, much delighted, praised the performance, but turning to Quanz he remarked briskly:

"You have neglected me, the excellent performance of this young man proves it, for he certainly cannot have practised so assiduously as I have."

"Ah! but I have used with him a different and much more effective method than with you," said Quanz.

"Indeed! and what was that?"

Quanz hesitated, but as His Majesty insisted, he made a most suggestive motion as though handling a cane.

"Ah!" said Frederick. "I think we had better retain our old method."

TELL ME, DARLING, THAT YOU MISS ME.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Tell me, darling, that you miss me
When the evening shadows fall,
Where the splendor of the autumn
Sheds its sweetness over all,
When the purple light is fading
From the western sky away,
And the lamps of heaven are lighted
At the closing of the day.

Tell me, darling, you are waiting
For the coming of my feet,
That when absent, life is dreary;
And its dreaming incomplete;
That no lingering voice of summer,
Nor the autumn's crimson bloom,
Can awake a chord of pleasure,
Nor your heart to love attune.

O ye mighty winds! bear a message
O'er the proudly rolling sea,
Words of love as yet unspoken—
Kindly whisper them to me:
Tell me that my queen is waiting,
Of the fairest the most fair,
Where the autumn tints are fading,
She is waiting for me there.

THE LOST DIAMOND,

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 9, Vol. 53. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOME AGAIN.

Rhoda Eldrige had worked hard to spare her mother the disgrace of a pauper's funeral, but all her energy and industry would have been in vain had she not discovered a little box in which poor Mrs. Eldrige had hidden away a score of silver dollars that had been their savings from their housekeeping in Elm street, and which she had secretly brought away with her with some such end in view as the present—since she had never produced it in their narrowest straits.

To poor Rhoda it was a rich treasure, and saved her from utter dispair. One-half of it eked out the small sum she had already gathered, and provided her mother a plain but decent coffin, and permission to lay her body in a grave belonging to her employer, the milliner. When all was done she had but six dollars left, and those she put away resolutely, as part of the sum that was to carry her home.

The purpose she had in view sustained her in her grief, and kept her sorrowing heart from sinking in despair. She worked steadily and untiringly, constantly but slowly increasing her store, until at last she had gained enough to take her back by the cheapest route. Then she started, and as fate would have it, she stepped off the arriving train at the same depot, and within an hour after Alfred Falconer had left the city, intent to find her, having failed in his search, for her sister, and through the aid of Madame Lafoure having just ascertained her whereabouts.

A queer, shabby-looking man, who was hanging round the depot in an apparently aimless manner, picked up her traveling bag, which she had laid down an instant, and offered to carry it for her wherever she was going.

He seemed very poor and miserable in his dress, and gaunt and wretched in his appearance, but as soon as his eye rested on her name, Rhoda Eldrige, that was printed on the bag—his expression changed to one of intense and triumphant excitement, and his whole bearing altered.

"I'll carry it without any compensation, Miss," he said, in a strain of lofty gallantry and in a manner that proved him to have once been conversant with a better class of society, "it is always a pleasure to assist the young and lovely."

Rhoda's only reply was a hurried negative, accompanied by a gesture of thanks. She felt anxious and timid, and desirous of escaping observation, so she moved away as swiftly as possible, and turning down one of the quieter streets, hastened along in the direction of Madame Lafoure's establishment, where she meant to make her first application for shelter and employment.

She knew the milliner gave work to several hands that stayed in the house and assisted after hours in busy times; a few months before she would have considered such a life a sort of slavery, but her views had changed greatly, and her first great anxiety was to obtain work, no matter how hard or constant, so that by its means she could gain sufficient money to prosecute her inquiries about her missing sister. So she hurried along, thinking of the probabilities of Madame Lafoure receiving her back, and hoping and praying that the shrewd French woman might not recall her former airs and affectations, but take her at her present value as a quiet and industrious worker.

As she mounted the steps of the handsome house, whose large parlors formed the milliner's show-room, she happened to glance backward, and saw, to her surprise, that the man from the depot had followed her every step of the way, and taken up his stand to watch her enter the house. He leant against a tree-box opposite, and looked over at her steadily, without any apparent disposition to hide his object.

"What can the man mean by spying in this way," thought the girl, in alarm, and she pulled the bell vigorously.

Mme. Lafoure received her with more kindness and interest than she had dared to expect. "I heard of you in —— from my old forewoman, Madame Perrott, who employed you then," she said, smiling. "I send Madame P—— her goods from here, and in writing for an order she mentioned that she had one of my girls in her work-room, and gave your name. Something rather odd happened just afterwards; a very handsome and stylish young gentleman, who seemed deeply interested in your family, came in yesterday while I was reading Madame Perrott's letter, and begged in the most eager manner to know if I could furnish him with the least information concerning any of you, and on my telling him that you were living in —— with my old forewoman, he avowed his determination of going there at once to find you."

"Do you know his name, Madame?" inquired Rhoda, much agitated by this information, and immediately connecting it with the lost Norah. "Let me see, here is his card, at which I had not time to look before. Ah, yes, it's the young doctor—Miss St. Croix's cousin—Alfred Falconer is the name," and she read it off the card as she handed it to Rhoda.

"Then Norah has not been found," thought the poor girl, with a sinking heart; for, although in her caprice and vanity she had endeavored to attract the attention of the young doctor, she saw perfectly well that he loved better devotedly, and that if it were possible to discover her he would have done so.

But, controlling her emotion, she made her appeal to Madame Lafoure for employment, which was at once readed to by that lady, and as the busiest part of the winter work was at hand, was set at it immediately in a smaller apartment than the general work-room, where three or four of the girls she had seen before were busy finishing and trying bonnets and hats.

They received her kindly, and in a few condoling remarks about her mother's death, of which they had heard through Madame Lafoure. Then they all went to work as if she had never been away, and the day wore on.

In the evening, when she went a few steps, to get some necessary ribbon for her wardrobe, she was much startled, and even alarmed, to find the same queer-looking man who had followed her from the depot, still on her track, with the evident determination of finding out every movement she made.

Her late trials had made her nerves and easily alarmed, but they had weakened her courage at the same time. So after her first fear had been conquered by a strong effort, she turned coolly near the milliner's door on her return, and facing the stranger, demanded in a low and steady voice what his objects in dogging her footsteps so determinedly.

He bowed with great respect before replying, and then said in the same quiet and lofty way in which he had first addressed her:

"Miss Eldrige is a lady of deep penetration. She remarks that I must have an object in view, and I confess I have a great object, one that overpowers fatigue, hunger and weakness."

He stretched out his hand with a piteous sort of gesture, that fully conveyed the meaning of his words, for he calmly looked weak and exhausted, and in great want.

"If you expect me to help you," said Rhoda, hesitatingly, and changing her. "I confess that I am very poor and regret I cannot do so. I had but two cents when I came here this morning, and those I have spent in buying some trifles I have pressing use for; but you need food, as I fear you do, I am sure Madame will be good enough——"

"Hold!" cried the strange man. "I need nothing beyond the assurance of your safety and permanence here. Give me your honorable word that you will remain here for some days to come and I will ask no more."

"Yes, I am going to stay here," answered Rhoda, hesitatingly; "but why should you care to know it; what am I to you, and what can you hope to gain by this inexplicable interest in my movements?"

"A fortune!" cried the man, in an eager burst of feeling; "nothing less than a fortune, that will repay all I've suffered in the past or must endure the present."

His shallow eyes gleamed vividly, and his skinny hands clasped each other in an indescribable nervous intensity as he spoke these words. Rhoda glanced at him in astonishment, and finding no meaning or explanation to his words set him down as a madman, and hurried on to the house.

Meantime the man she had left outside stood rubbing his wasted hands, and muttering excitedly to himself, until he saw a light appear in the dormer window on the upper floor of the house.

Then he slipped out into the street, and watching the shadow that reflected itself on the scant curtains of the window, seemed to satisfy himself that it was Rhoda's.

"It is her's, and she's going to bed for the night, so I need not hesitate to live my post," he muttered. "Now for a mouthful of food to support me till the business is fairly begun."

He seemed perfectly acquainted with his surrounding localities, for he went straight to the nearest shop, where he purchased a small loaf of bread. The sum paid was evidently the whole amount in his possession, for he turned out his miserable pockets to look for the last penny, and having secured his prize, he retired quickly to a dark door-step, where he sat down and ate it with ravenous hunger.

Then he rose apparently refreshed, and hastened away apparently in the direction of the more fashionable part of the town, never slackening his pace till he reached Courtland Terrace, when he went direct to Miss St. Croix's house, and ringing the bell, asked loudly to see its mistress.

"Impossible at this hour," said the man-servant, eyeing the questionable appearance of the stranger with no great favor. "Miss St. Croix is in her own room, and I don't choose to disturb her."

"Have you a card and a pencil?" demanded the man. "If you have, save time and get it for me. I *will* see the lady, and the sooner you see about it the quicker your part of the work will be done."

He bent his eyes fixedly on the water, who, in some manner, influenced by his determined look and manner, obeyed, and produced the material requested.

With them the man wrote hastily a few words, and said:

"Give this to the lady. You can but me outside in the cold while you take it up stairs. I am sure of admission when you return."

He spoke truly, for many minutes had not elapsed when the servant came back, looking much surprised and puzzled.

"Miss St. Croix says I may show you into the library, and she will see you presently," he said.

With a stealthy tread, and an observing though covert look on all sides as he ascended, the man followed his conductor to the library, seated himself on the chair nearest the door through which Miss St. Croix, herself, came in before long, and with no other recognition than a repugnant gaze, seated herself opposite to him with the words:

"What is it that you propose to tell me?"

Her voice was cold and severe, as was her face, and a second look convinced her visitor that she was struggling to conceal under a stony mask a tumultuous and almost overpowering emotion.

"You recognize in me, madame, a man you look on as an enemy, but I hope to prove myself capable of sustaining a different character," said the man in a conciliating tone, keenly watchful of the effect of every word he spoke.

Miss St. Croix raised her handsome brows with a slight motion of contemptuous surprise. "You are simply nothing to me one way or another, until you prove your ability to serve my purpose," she said, coldly.

"Then you have forgotten me, it seems," said the man, quickly. "When I saw you last you were not so good as to overlook me so completely."

If his object in this speech was to break through the barrier of icy pride she set up between them he was successful, her face wrought convulsively for a moment, and her eyes flashed fire.

"If you force me to remember that you were the tool to serve the black purposes of a pitiless demon, and to confess that you deceived me to suit his fiendish plottings, then know you are identified, Richard Sharkey," she said.

"Ah, yes, I see you know me," said Sharkey, eagerly, and in a penitent tone. "And it is to undo the past, to make reparation for its evil that brings me here."

Her brilliant, unflinching eyes looked him through and through.

"That is false," she said, sternly, "but you profess to have some means in your power of punishing Geoffrey Maynard. State them and name the price you ask for giving their use to me. Be brief, and let your cunning warn you not to tamper too far with a dangerous subject."

"Are we quite alone," said Sharkey, looking narrowly round on all sides.

She made an impatient motion of her head in reply, and said sharply:

"Speak on."

"I have been in prison for years," he said in a low voice, that hardened and grew harsh and metallic as he went on. "I have been shut out of life and its interests for so long that I've only existed with one single purpose in view, and that was the one of revenge for what I've borne from the perfidy of the man who wronged you—as well as me. I have him in my power, and knowing that has kept me alive so long for the work of vengeance. One word of mine can sweep away the wealth that gives him potency for evil, and leave him a beggar and a criminal."

The listening lady breathed hard, her chest heaved, and her lips lost their color and moved nervously without making a sound.

"Are you quite sure?" she asked, in a trembling whisper.

"Listen," said Sharkey, drawing his chair close to hers.

She did not shrink from the contact, so strong was her interest in the revelation he was about to make, but she regarded him with a gaze that never swerved in its intensity, and that sought to read the inmost depths of his cunning nature.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GEORGE FINDS HIS COURAGE.

"I have a note from George, my dear," said Mr. Graff to his daughter Maud, as he called her into his library after tea on the evening succeeding the reading of the anonymous note. "I don't quite understand it, he seems to attach an undue importance to that absurd communication I showed him, and writes in a stiff and formal manner about an explanation on which hangs his future life for misery or happiness."

Maud turned pale and faltered as she replied: "His happiness is secure, papa, if it rests with me; nothing can ever change my love for him, and I am ashamed of the weakness that makes me uneasy on his account, I feel that to be true to him I should know no fear, be conscious of no doubt where he is in question."

"Certainly not, my dear," returned her father a little dubiously, "George is an excellent fellow and a capital business man, no doubt; but if he in his natural boldness has gone a little too far, and finds himself involved, or on the point of financial difficulty, it is only proper and honorable that he should speak out freely."

"Do you think it is that, papa?" exclaimed Maud gaily. "O how glad I am to hear you say so."

"What else could it be?" said her father, "but, I really don't understand why you should feel so pleased at the prospect of a curtailed income, Maud, for I was thinking that if Miss St. Croix carries out her intention of going abroad, and sells her splendid mansion, that George and I could afford to purchase it and make our little Maud queen of the new palace."

"Oh, papa, I care so little for those things," cried the girl earnestly, "I am already too rich; but here is George, and how pale and troubled he looks."

He was indeed pale, and had evidently endured a sharp struggle since she saw him last. His face seemed older and more haggard than she had ever seen it, but on it shone a look of high souled courage that made it handsomer than ever in her eyes.

She came quickly to his side, and took his hand; but after pressing here fondly and ardently, he resigned it, and moved a little away.

"I must stand alone in my confession," he said in a steady and even voice, from which all irresolution and uncertainty had vanished. "I feel too deeply the unstudied deception that has surrounded my upward course to presume on any of the blessings it has gained for me. I declare before you both, and in the face of Heaven, that I never meant to misrepresent myself to you, that I only concealed my misfortunes, for guilt I had none. But, now I tear aside everything that hides the truth painful though it be to me and you, and while I wound you in laying bare my unhappy early life, implore you to pity me in the act that inflicts a terrible torture on my own heart.

"I am the son of an unfortunately proud and bitter woman who left her own reputable home and incurred her parent's passionate anger in marrying against their inclinations. My father died, and my mother rather than return to the roof from beneath which she had been harshly ejected, chose to struggle alone with the world, and in so doing, encountered misfortunes and privations untold. Her nature originally intense and ungoverned, became perverted by trouble, and she found associates among the designing and even criminal; but without, I am confident, ever sharing their crimes. Though so regardless for herself, about me she was most careful and correct, and no pattern parent could have better trained a boy than my poor unhappy mother did me. I went to school and did my best till I was able to work, when I was so fortunate as to gain an inferior position in the bank of Maynard & Co. There I became acquainted with Geoffrey, the nephew of the head of the firm, and soon learned to fear him as a designing and unconscionable youth. He was a fearful spend thrift, and his efforts to hide his delinquencies from his uncle were ingenious and unscrupulous. First of all he gave me his confidence, and then he began to threaten me if I endeavored to thwart his plans, and as I feared his power in the firm might deprive me of my place, that I wanted to retain of all things as the means of eventually getting a home for my mother away from the bad people, with whom we lived at the entrance of Binder's Court, I was careful not to make him angry, if I could help it.

"I was a wonderfully expert penman; a man called Sharkey (whose wife kept the house in which we lodged, and who is the author of that anonymous note you received,) was a forger and counterfeiter by trade, but I never for a moment understood the nature of his calling, until I had indelible reason to understand it. This man taught me how to imitate hand writings, and proud of my accomplishment, I exhibited it to my fellows at the bank. Geoffrey got me to give him a specimen of it, and shortly after that I discovered him in an act, so dishonorable that I was forced to threaten disclosure if he did not confess it, which after some hesitation he promised me to do.

"That afternoon, he sent me with an exchange to draw on some other bank, and bade me to keep the money till next day, I did so, and that night I was arrested as a forger. The signature was proved to be mine, over which the order was written, the money was found on my person, and Mr. Maynard the head of the firm was so disgusted by what he believed to be my hypocricy, that his evidence convicted me, and sent me as a criminal to prison.

"I was young and my term was not a long one, I came out to find my mother dead, and only the man Sharkey remaining of all the old party at Binder's Court. Even he was in hiding, but he gave me a letter my mother had once intrusted to him in which she declared that I was properly named George Bland, that Tyrrell was an assumed title she had taken to prevent her people from discovering her, when they should finally relent and come to her relief. She was a vindictive and unforgiving woman, she confessed, and could never forget an injury or lose an opportunity for revenge, and her parents' coldness to her while my father lay dying, was an unforgivable cruelty no reparation could blot out. She seemed to have began her letter in some alarm about her health, and under the impression she should not live to see me again, for she said there was something she would now tell me, lest I should never hear it from her lips. Mr. Maynard was the one who had sworn away my character and freedom, and he was the man against whom her hate rankled, and her indignation burned a quenchless fire. Here she broke off abruptly, and the confession or narration whatever its character, was never finished. Sharkey could tell me nothing further, for he had never seen her again, and without money, character, or friends, I stood alone in the world.

"I was wandering dejectedly in the streets looking in vain for employment, when Heaven directed me to a foundry, the proprietor of which I by chance encountered as I was making my application to the foreman for work in any capacity, and at any remuneration; something in the earnestness of my tone or manner struck him, and he asked me to step into his counting house and talk with him, which I did.

"His kindness won my confidence, and in a desperate appeal to his help and mercy, I told him my whole story.

"He was much overcome, as he listened and at its close he took my hand in his with a very grave and troubled face whose deep emotion surprised me greatly.

"You have spoken the truth, George," he said, "and Providence sent you to me, for I am your unhappy and remorseful grandfather, whose ambition for my poor Nannie drove me to renounce her, and discard her from my house and heart, when I found she had privately married a man I detested, and obstinately refused the suit of one who was my friend, and would have elevated her in life. Her punishment was bitter, for she died prematurely old and wretched, while I live to bear mine in remorse and loneliness. But that is at an end now, you shall be my son, and we will try to retrieve the past."

"My grandfather kept his word as you know, and at his death I succeeded to all his large business, greatly increased during my life with him and since his decease. My fault has been in concealing what was too painful for me to recall without a gigantic effort, which I was weak enough to avoid making. I believed that as I forgot it through the lapse of years and change of circumstances, it would gradually sink out of remembrance of all the world, and I was rudely recalled to its existence when months ago I rescued Norah Eldrige from the clutches of Sharkey's wife, now passing under the soubriquet of Mother Webb down in the Slums.

"Since then, I have been a wretched coward, dreading the effect of the truth when spoken, and yet not content to live longer in a false position.

"This Geoffrey Maynard—now the only living witness against me, his uncle whose heir he became being long since dead—is the villain who for some inscrutable and villainous reason pursues Norah, and who at this instant is forming new machinations to compass her ruin. He has discovered my share in her rescue, and hopes to intimidate me by these threats delivered through the criminal gang that used to live in Binder's Court, but now that I have spoken, I can fear nothing further."

George Bland closed his confession, which had been longer and more minute in detail, than here rendered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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IN a quarrel it is always the well-bred who is the first to give way.

WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The usual practice in choosing Christmas gifts is to start out with a full portemonnaie and come home with it empty, having scoured a dozen book and print and curio shops meantime, to "find enough pretty things to go round." The gift sent to one friend might have been offered with equal propriety to a hundred others. Now everybody (worth remembering at all on Christmas day) has a fancy, or whim, or association, which a trifle will recall and gratify. Now that we have so little money, let us set our brains to work to remember these whims or hobbies, and to find the suggestive trifles, and, our word for it, we will startle our friends with a more real pleasure than if we had sent them the costliest unmeaning gift. There must be a nice discrimination, too, in assorting these trifles. There are certain folks whom we know to be sorely in need of articles for the wardrobe, and to whom we must therefore give utterly useless follies, because they know that we know it; and there are other and better folk in like condition, who will receive a collar or a pair of gloves with as hearty and sincere feeling as though the offering were a strain of Christmas music. There is one cousin whose gift must smell of the shops and the dollars paid for it, and another who, if we sent her our worn copy of George Herbert, or the little broken vase which has stood for years on the study table, would receive them with wet eyes, and find them fragrant with old memories.

—*Scribner for December.*

SAN FRANCISCO LUNCH SALOONS.—They have free lunch saloons in San Francisco that a stranger, entering them casually, might take to be the residences of millionaires. He would find immense mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling; carpets of the finest texture and the most exquisite patterns; massive tables covered with papers and periodicals; the walls embellished with expensive paintings. A large picture which had adorned a famous drinking and free lunch house was sold the other day for $12,500. Some of the saloon-keepers are men of education and culture. One is an art critic of very high local repute, who has written a book, and a very readable one, of San Francisco reminiscences. The lunch served with a twenty-five cent drink usually consists of soup, boiled salmon, roast beef or mutton of the finest quality, mashed or fried potatoes, sliced tomatoes; bread, butter, cheese and biscuits. Let's go West.

SOME one has been writing about the way coffee came to be used as a beverage. He says it was never known until after America was discovered, and it grew only in Arabia. The Superior of a monastery in Arabia, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, on the reports of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant, brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies, and the French and Spanish, all over South America and the West Indies. The extent of the consumption now can hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consumes it at a cost, on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.

A PHILOSOPHER'S QUESTION.—When Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was making preparations to wage war against Rome, Cineas, a wise and good man, asked him what were his expectations as to the result of the career upon which he was about to enter. "To subdue Rome," answered the King?—"What will you do next, sire?"—"I will conquer Italy."—"And what then?"—"I will subjugate Carthage, the whole of Africa, and Greece."—"And when you have conquered all that you can conquer, what will you do then?"—"Do? I will sit down, and spend my time in peace and comfort."—"Ah, sire," said the sage, "what prevents you from sitting down and spending your time in peace and comfort now?"

GREAT men are always exceptional men; and greatness itself is but comparative. Indeed, the range of most men in life is so limited, that very few have the opportunity of being great. But each man can act his part honestly and honorably, and to the best of his ability. He can use his gifts, and not abuse them. He can strive to make the best of life.

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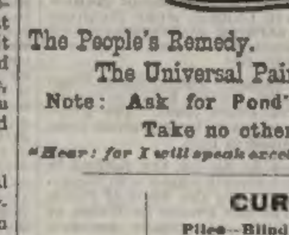

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THE BOUDOIR.

There has been a marked increase, lately, in the importations of French cloaks and polonaises—much more so than in the case of suits—since our leading houses both in New York and Philadelphia have such unrivaled facilities for "getting up" the latter, upon the shortest notice too; their dressmaking departments being very thoroughly organized. That we still continue to prefer French cloaks and pardessus may be due to the fact that they possess a certain style or finish, to quote from these same tasteful neighbors themselves, a "je ne sais quoi," which we are yet unable to achieve; or, perhaps, more truly speaking, think we cannot achieve, and so it amounts to the same in the end.

We are very glad to welcome back the graceful polonaise, and long redingote, so comfortable looking and feeling in winter. We have seen several new designs of the former, but none prettier than one we will now describe.

It was made of shaded gray and slate colored camel's hair cloth, in what is known as the "cameo plaid" design. The underskirt worn with it was a rich brown silk, with a gathered flounce, of six inches depth, at the bottom, and a pleated one above, headed by two standing ruffles. The polonaise itself was cut very much in the style of what used to be known as the Gabrielle or princesse dress. The back having this difference, that it was finished immediately in the middle with a short pleated basque; this relieved the extreme plainness, and gave a graceful covering, under which to drape the back width and arrange the sash loops. The sash, composed of two straight pieces of brown silk each two yards long, commenced in the side seams, six inches below the belt, and was laid in five upright folds—it was sewed in with the side seams—taken from thence rather tightly back, it was crossed and fastened under the basque tab, which latter was twelve inches long—the sash was then disposed in graceful loops and ends, and caught up slightly the back breadth. The front of the polonaise with a double row of buttons, and trimmed around the bottom with a band of brown astrachan fur. Brown silk sleeves, with cuffs of the plaid, and a stiff round collar of silk; also a piece—fan-shaped—of silk, arranged in folds, was placed down the middle of the back, tapering to a point at the belt. A deep plaited pocket of silk was placed low down and far back on the left side of the skirt of the polonaise.

Among the new suits we have seen one of black silk and fawn colored India cashmere, the fabric so popular in Paris. It was intended for a promenade costume. The lower skirt of silk had four graduated flounces, gathered not pleated on. The upper dress was made with a deep apron front, with a round point in the middle—it has a deep scarf back, trimmed differently from the front. This latter has three small bias folds at the bottom, and a row of deep knitted woolen fringe; then, six inches above the upper bias fold, another row of fringe, and above that three more rows of bias folds. A wide fold, five inches in width, trims the scarf back, and also a row of the fringe. This back breadth is looped by four loops of wide sash ribbon, fastened on at the middle of the belt, and through which two deep softly draped puffs of the same material are drawn. The waist is a plain cuirtee, with silk sleeves, having a deep cuff of the cashmere, striped longitudinally with biases of the silk. A deep cape, trimmed down the centre of the back with three narrow bias folds, and fringe on each side of them, and around the bottom with a wide bias of silk, also edged with fringe. A deep sumoniere pocket, pointed at the bottom, and having a flap to turn over, is placed low down on the left side of the skirt, attached to the belt by four bias folds of silk. Similar folds trim the pocket and a row of fringe edges it.

Another costume in dark plum-blue silk and blue plaided cashmere was made as follows: Narrow gathered flounces at the bottom of the silk underskirt, above that a puff of the plaided cashmere, then a pleated flounce of silk; another puff of cashmere, and last of all a puff of silk with ruffle top and bottom; the top ruffle bound with a narrow bias of plaid. Deep overdress of cashmere, pointed in front and looped away towards the back in several careless folds. The back width is also pointed, and draped gracefully just below the belt by means of a blue sash disposed in loops. A deep sumoniere pocket of silk, gathered, and having two upright ruffles at the top, of alternately silk and cashmere, is placed on the left of the skirt, and has at the bottom two pendant loops and two ends of blue faille ribbon four inches wide. Plain cuirass of plaid, with plastron and simulated vest, back and front of silk, small collar of silk, sleeves of silk with a cuff of plaid turned up, and below that two knife pleated ruffles of silk falling over the hand.

Hat of dark blue felt, with wide rim turned up on left side with a blue steel dagger. A long ostrich plume of shaded blue encircles the crown, while a bird, with brown body and pale blue wings outstretched, is placed near the front.

A charming suit for a little girl of eight years of age is made of gray cashmere. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a shirring of gray silk, four inches wide, a similar shirring is at each side, put on longitudinally. The back is laid in kilt plaits. The waist is a basque, shorter in the back than at the sides and front; a gathered ruffle of silk surrounds the basque, and is carried up each side of the front. A pointed vest, buttoned from throat to the bottom, is in front, and the two sides of the basque fall open over it, from just below the throat, where a bow confines them. Small standing collar of silk, and double box plait of silk down the middle seam of the back, caught just at the belt with two buttons. A ruffle of silk gathered in the middle, and with a bow on the outer seam, trims the coat sleeve just at the wrist.

We have seen some charming French hats and bonnets, of which we will give a brief description.

One of dove gray felt was of simple form, much in what is known as the capote shape. A pait of gray faille silk and a ruche of ostrich feathers surrounds the crown; a bird, with scarlet body and shaded green wings, is placed at the back a little to the left; a short gracefully draped scarf of silk falls from the plait which encircles the crown. A torsade of scarlet silk is placed in front, falling in the somewhat flared rim.

A hat of light steel gray had the wide rim turned up in front, and a bandeau of Havanna brown velvet placed around under the rim. A large double bow of cream tinted faille, fastened in the middle by a large plain square gilt buckle, is placed in front to the left side, and holds back at that point the rim; starting from this is a long ostrich feather, the tint of the hat, which is taken back, falling easily over the right side. A scarf of cream tinted faille encircles the crown.

Another, of dark green velvet, had a well-defined, rather square crown, with a revers front, and the rim caught up behind. A scarf of lighter green twilled serge silk is arranged in a soft double bow, on the front of the crown, passing around it, and under the looped rim at the back, where it falls in three irregular loops. Three small ostrich tips, of green, two dark and one light, are placed on the right side and fall over towards the left. A half-blown rose and bude, with brown foliage, are placed in front to the left.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Netted scarfs of thick soft silk twist, and having deep fringe, are used for trimming hats.

The new belt is composed of links of metal, silver plated, and hangs loosely about the waist; at the left side a double chain of lesser size attaches the chatelaine, which is of velvet or Russia leather, mounted with silver.

Very pretty kerchiefs for the neck are of cardinal red and plum blue soft brocaded silk.

The new hygienic, or, as it is termed, "Emancipation garment," for underwear, is shown in merino and flannel, and covers the entire body, ample bust room being afforded.

Ruches of cock's feathers are very fashionably used for trimming silks. A muff of silk with two ruches of similar feathers accompanies the suit when such trimming is used.

OUR WORK TABLE.

Under this heading we propose to give, from time to time, minute instructions concerning some article for wear, or of fancy work.

In this number we give directions how to make the new Opera hood or head-covering, which has lately been adopted abroad, and has superseded the conventional nubia, or "cloud." It can be made in either scarlet or blue cashmere, though we give preference to the former color, as lighting up better in the evening and being more generally becoming. Two yards of merino or cashmere are required, and three quarters of a yard of silk of the same shade if narrow, one half yard will do if ordinarily wide. Our model is scarlet, bordering an carnival, and is of fine cashmere. Double your cashmere in half, and cut out a triangularly-shaped piece in the middle, sloping the ends down to the end of the material so that a pointed shape is given them. The triangular or half handkerchief part in the middle should be three quarters of a yard in depth. A flat pointed hood is now made of the cashmere, lined with the silk. A hem, an eighth of an inch in depth, is taken all around the opera hood itself, and a row of gold colored braid, or else silver colored, is run on to conceal it. The hood is caught at the back, eight inches from the middle point, in a double box pleat, which gives it a more comfortable shape. Then the small, flat, pointed hood of cashmere lined with silk is put on, laid flatly on the middle of the half handkerchief, and falling over the back, a flat tassel of scarlet silk intermingled with gold threads, attached to the long point which ends it. Similar tassels are put on the ends of the hood itself. When the opera hood is worn, the long ends are tied loosely about the throat, and thrown back over the shoulders. We furnish our paper pattern for this graceful article.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. M. R. L.—Make your velvet cape into a dolman, and trim with band of ostrich feathers or fringe.

Other letters replied to in our next. Unavoidably crowded out this time. NIXON.

ONLY.

BY WILLIAM S. MORTON.

Only a lock of hair
Of golden hue,
Tied with a lover's care
And ribbon blue.

Only a faded flower—
A crimson rose—
Memento of Love's hour,
Its joys and woes.

Only a portrait old—
A smiling face
Set in a locket gold,
And 'neath it "Grace."

Only a grass-grown grave—
A sculptured stone—
A maiden's last life-wave
For ever flown.

TERRIFIC BALLOON ADVENTURE.

BY F. S. MILLS.

"You are about to witness Professor W'a ascension," said a gentleman to me, as I entered the enclosure devoted to the aeronautic display.

He was an entire stranger to me; but not being superstitious in matters of etiquette, I did not object to this brusque mode of introduction, and so civilly answered "Yes."

"But I shall go farther to see it than you will," continued the gentleman. "I intend to ascend with Professor W."

"You may go farther and fare worse," said I.

"You are pleased to be witty," said he; "but I intend to make some examination of those upper regions for myself, to ascertain whether the stars celestial are on duty during the day, or whether theirs is as much a sinecure as the office of our 'stars' terrestrial. Would you like to ascend with me?"

"No, thank you kindly," said I; "in getting into the clouds one might lose oneself—the way is likely to be mist! Every one to his taste; the earth has such charms for me that I would not change a spadeful of it for cubic miles of the blue empyrean. I'm no poet."

Vain declaration! How little did I imagine the horrors that awaited me! How little did I foresee my dreadful fate in hanging between the heavens and the earth, a spectacle to laughing men, gigging women, and insensate hooting boys.

We entered the enclosure. There was the vast silken bubble, puffing out its hollow cheeks like the face of a fat clown when laughing, and rising and tugging away at the ropes, as if impatient to leave our society.

"You will not accompany me?" said my friend; to whom I replied in the negative.

"Perhaps the gentleman would assist in cutting the ropes," said the professor.

"Certainly," said I, "with pleasure."

"Thank you," said the aeronaut; "please take your station."

He and my friend entered the car. I grasped one of the ropes and awaited the order. In a moment more it came.

"Cut!" said one voice—"No, hold on," said another.

I was bewildered, and did both. When the others cut, I did the same, and with the direction to hold on, I grasped the end of the rope still near me, and "held on." In a moment more I was fifty feet from the ground.

Imagine my *suspense!* There was I, like a freshly caught fish, dangling at the end of a line, with the balloon representing the float. I cried out to my friend and the aeronaut, but in vain. The spectators below, thinking I was some aerial acrobat, who was about to turn fifty double somersets and then alight upon his feet before them, cheered sufficiently to drown my voice.

The parties in the car could not see me. But, by the hat swung occasionally over the side, I knew they were bowing to the crowd below. Meanwhile I was swinging like a pendulum below them, with only ten fingers to sustain the weight of one hundred and eighty pounds (I'm rather stout), and to preserve me from being thinly spread over the ground beneath, from "larding the lean earth" with my human form divine. What an age of terror!

In the meantime my fingers stiffened, but I clutched the rope with the energy of despair. I had long ceased calling; I had exhausted myself. Suddenly a cold perspiration broke out upon me; I knew my hour had come. My fingers were slipping down the rope! Oh! those agonizing moments! Inch by inch I approached my doom. First the left hand lost its hold, and then, as I felt the end slipping by the little finger of the right, I gave one brief prayer and fell—OUT OF SIGHT!

Being, as I before observed, a corpulent man, my fall had shaken the whole house, and the alarmed inmates, aroused from "sweet slumbers," were knocking violently at the door, which had the effect of restoring me to consciousness, when I discovered that my "terrific balloon ascent" was nothing more than a nightmare, superinduced I am led to believe by the festivities usual on Thanksgiving Day, in which I may say I indulged somewhat—No. I will not betray my friends; but allow me to tell you, dear reader, that such a Thanksgiving dinner as they gave is not to be sneezed at.

THE STORY OF "HOLD THE FORT."—One of the songs Mr. Sankey sings is called "Hold the Fort." The legend connected with the hymn is that when Sherman was marching with his army to the sea, he left a force of men guarding supplies in a fort in the Tennessee mountains. General Hood, with a large army, attacked the fort, and the General in charge, grievously wounded, was about to surrender, when a signal flashed down over the mountains: "Hold the fort, for I am coming. W. T. S." Sherman had heard of the attack, and was hurrying back with assistance. He was still fifteen miles away, but the courage of the soldiers was revived by the message, and the fort was held. The particular words referring to the bit of history are found in the chorus:

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still."

THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

The building which above all others attracts the attention of strangers, and one that will be the most eagerly sought after, in the Centennial year, is the State House of Philadelphia—"the Cradle of American Liberty"—or Independence Hall, as it is called.

This venerable edifice is rich with the incense of patriotism and heroic struggle, and no one can enter it without a feeling of reverence for the hallowed walls wherein sat that Congress, which, in 1776, issued the Memorable Declaration of American Independence, that palladium of our nation's liberties.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, 1776.

We give two illustrations, one showing the building as it appeared in 1776, and the other as it is at present. It was designed by Dr. Kearsley, was commenced in 1730, and completed in 1734, the builder being Edmund Wooley.

The inner decorations remain as originally designed, and for the work of so early a time, are very fine; those of the main hall, indeed, consisting of a richly panelled ceiling and a heavy cornice supported by fluted columns, are exceedingly beautiful.

On the first floor of the main building, in the East Room, is Independence Hall, a shrine to every American, in which was adopted, and signed the Declaration of Independence, and promulgated on July 4th, 1776. The apartment retains its original appearance, and is decorated with quaint carvings, and with its wainscotted walls serving as a picture gallery of great American worthies. The table on which the immortal document was signed; John Hancock's chair; the old chandelier which was used by the Continental Congress still pendent from the ceiling; and other sacred relics are all objects of the deepest interest to visitors.

On the same floor, in the Western Rooms, is a Museum of national relics, mementoes of the "times that tried men's souls." As for instance: the flag of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Militia, lost and recaptured at the battle of Brandywine; relics of the battle of Germantown; the original stamp imposed under the celebrated Stamp of Great Britain in March, 1765, which led to the Revolution; and many others which we have not the space here to enumerate.

The original steeple, being decayed, was taken down in 1774, and the present one put up in 1828.

On a pedestal in the vestibule, surrounded by a net work of iron, is placed the famous Liberty Bell, bearing the motto "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." It was cast and imported from England, in 1752, purposely for the State House, but was cracked in testing. It was recast, however, and suspended from the steeple, and on the afternoon of the memorable Fourth of July, 1776, announced, with iron tongue, the result of the momentous deliberations of Congress, by ringing out the joyful anunciation for more than two hours, a glorious melody floating clear and musical as the voice of an angel above the discordant chorus of booming cannon, the roll of drums, and the mingled acclamations of the people.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, 1875.

In the rear of the State House is Independence Square, which is at present undergoing extensive improvement, and will very soon be in a condition befitting its character and its associations with the historic Hall, than it has for many years. This square derives its name from the fact that it was here, on the 8th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was read by Jno. Nixon amid the shouts of the people, who, roused to the highest pitch of patriotic enthusiasm, rushed into the court rooms, tore down the King's Arms, burned them in public, and destroyed everywhere the insignia of British authority. On the Fourth of July, 1876—after the lapse of a century—in the same square, and within the walls which witnessed the birth of our country's liberty will be gathered together representatives of every portion of our common country, to celebrate its Centenal Anniversary, and to unite in thanksgiving to the Supreme Being for all the blessings which He has showered upon us as a nation.

MAKING BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

It is not difficult to arrange a good meal if one has plenty of money with which to go to the grocer's and butcher's and order everything necessary to prepare it withal. But to contrive variety and create flavor and satisfy appetite from meagre materials, this requires brains and patience, invention and audacity—especially if not one meal, but a succession of meals through a succession of years must be made up in this same way. Yet there are many families who flourish under just these conditions, if bone and muscle, blood and brawn may be taken as signs of a flourishing condition. It is an easy matter to dress a family neatly and comfortably when one can buy all the ready made clothing necessary, call in the aid of the hatter, the shoemaker, the seamstress, the dry goods merchant, and yet there are hundreds and thousands of mothers who contrive to make a trim appearance for themselves and their families with very little outlay. Garments are turned inside out, up side down, back side before, washed, dyed, pressed, and from this mill of renovation come out almost as good as new. It is a delightful way to furnish a house—delightful in one sense—when one can go to the upholsterer and give an unlimited order for whatever is necessary. But few are the houses thus furnished. Little by little, one article at a time, is procured, this year a carpet, next year a sofa, now a table, and then a new easy chair, until the home is made comfortable. Meantime a thousand little devices are resorted to, ingenuity is taxed, taste is exercised, patience has her perfect work, and happiness without much furniture is found to be possible.

A liberal education can readily be obtained by those who have money to buy books and pay tuition bills. It is obtained, in fact, more thoroughly, completely, and perfectly by those who are put to all sorts of expedients to procure books and leisure to study them than by the "favored class," whose parents are able to provide every facility for study. Where did Howells get his education? Where did Horace Greeley get his? Where did Benj. Franklin get his? Not by a word or a hint is college instruction to be undervalued; but where it cannot be had, it by no means follows that one must therefore remain in ignorance or miss the highest development of his intellectual nature. Not the who spend most money on their table fare the best, but those who spend wisely. Not those are most elegantly dressed who lavish large sums upon their wardrobe, but those who have regard to fitness of circumstance, comfort of body, laws of taste. Not the best educated are they for whom every provision of an intellectual character is made, but those who hunger for knowledge and seek it as "hid treasure" shall surely find.

THE POPULATION OF INDIA, subject to British control, is officially ascertained by census to be 238,830,008, and he area 1,456,744 square miles. Of this mass the part not subject to native princes in mediatized States is 109,56,,048 people, and an area of 904,040. The enormous population of China is often said to be fabulous. But here is an exact census, and the aggregate is so great as to give color to the Chinese statements. Yet in all India there are oly 50,000 British-born inhabitants. The human ocean is so vast that if the entire British race were gathered there it would be lost completely. Even the Mahoumtans in India are more numerous than all the British race subject to Victoria, while the Hindoos alone number about 140,500,000. The castes are so numerous and the lines between them are so rigidly drawn, and the races and dialects so many and so incongruous that the task of government is one of extreme difficulty. The interest and importance attached to India by the English statesmen and writers for the press increase from year to year, but no effort seems to be made to encourage the migration thither of people of British races, and of late years the natives have begun to crowd the English employes out of the railways and the civil service. Yet the language seems to make progress there.

THE man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy is not really an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy, but stable principle. An honest man is honest from his inmost soul, nor deigns to stoop to ought that is mean though great results hang on the petty fraud.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

IN the opinion of Mr. William L. Watts, who is engaged in making some explorations among the glaciers of Iceland, these are increasing year by year, and he thinks that at so distant period the whole island will be covered with ice, as is the case with Greenland.

THE batch of Lost Arts is becoming smaller and smaller. To the rediscovered famous Tyrian purple must now be added Egyptian blue, which M. Pelegot, a French chemist, has recently analysed. He finds it owes its color to lazulite, a rare copper ore, and consists of oxide of copper, silica, lime and soda. He found also the proportions, and succeeded in making the compound.

IT is now said that the sun is a partial luminary. In a recent discussion at the British Association, Dr. Balfour Stewart said that it was not only lopsided, but one region affected the magnetism and meteorology of the earth differently from the other. He also denied that it had a solid nucleus. Even the dark portions at the bottom of the spots, he said, might be composed of matter carried down from above.

KEEPING EGGS THROUGH WINTER.—There have been many ways recommended for keeping eggs through the winter; many of them troublesome, and some of them expensive. They can be kept from late in the summer until long after the time begin laying in the spring by simply packing them in a basket with the points down, and hanging or standing them in a cool place. Care must be taken that they do not freeze.

TORTOISE SHELL is made from the shell of a variety of turtle called the hawksbill, or imprecated turtle, which is a native of the Asiatic seas, but found, though much more rarely, in the Atlantic, and even in the Mediterranean. Its general length is about three feet, and the shell is formed in scales, that lap over each other, like the tiles of a house. The flesh is said to produce fever and dysentery, but the eggs are wholesome. It is a ferocious creature, and defends itself with vigor.

HARDENING SMALL TOOLS.—It is said that the engravers and watchmakers of Germany harden their tools in sealing-wax. The tool is heated to whiteness and plunged into the wax, withdrawn after an instant, and plunged in again, the process being repeated until the steel is too cold to enter the wax. The steel is said to become, after this process, almost as hard as the diamond, and when touched with a little oil or turpentine the tools are excellent for engraving, and also for piercing the hardest metals. English engravers often use soap or white wax for the same purpose.

THE magnificent equatorial telescope at Washington, twenty-six inches in diameter, the only one in the United States that is larger than the Chicago instrument, has been put to good use since it was placed in the Naval Observatory, in 1873. Prof. Simon Newcomb, LL. D. has made a series of observations of the satellites of Uranus and Neptune, and reduced them so as to give to the world a more precise knowledge of the elements of those bodies. He makes the mass of Uranus to be to that of the sun as 1 to 22,600; and the mass of Neptune as compared with that of the sun as 1 to 19,380.

IS there no one ingenious enough to make his fortune by inventing an absolutely indelible ink for the use of the Post Office Department? It is estimated, says an exchange, that the government loses over a million dollars a year by the second using of postage stamps that have once been defaced by the post office officials and then been restored to their original appearance. Over four thousand specimens of ink have been offered and tested to see if the marks made with them on stamps could be erased. None have stood the tests used. Some contrivance for perfectly protecting the Post Office Department against losses from this cause is very necessary.

SAWDUST can be converted into a liquid wood, and afterward into a solid, flexible and almost indestructible mass, which, when incorporated with animal matter, rolled and dried, can be used for the most delicate impressions, as well as for the formation of solid and durable articles, in the following manner: Immerse the dust of any kind of wood in dilute sulphuric acid, sufficiently strong to affect the fibre, for some days; the finer parts are then passed through a sieve, well stirred, and allowed to settle. Drain the liquid from the sediment, and mix the latter with a proportionate quantity of animal offal, similar to that used for glue. Roll the mass, pack in moulds and allow it to dry.

POSTSCRIPTS.

THE corn crop of the United States is valued at a sum equal to the national debt.

"GONE to gather autumn leaves in Heaven," is the last effort of the obituary poet.

THE street cars in Detroit go so slowly that the people wildly cry for sleeping cars to be attached.

THE castor bean is cultivated in Kansas, and a castor oil factory has been erected at Fort Scott. Even the West is not without this pleasant and exhilarating beverage.

"KISSES by the Sea" is the title of a new song; but we should think such a one would be rather cold comfort this sort of weather. An experienced young man says they taste better by the parlor fire, and we believe him.

IT is estimated that the total cost of the new buildings put up in Chicago since the great fire, numbering between eighteen hundred and nineteen hundred, has been between $16,000,000 and $18,000,000.

SING SING is a Chinese word (Taing Sing) imported by an old Dutch Knickerbocker who had been in the China trade. The penitentiary there was built by convicts from Auburn and occupied in 1828.

DANCING is said to be on the decline in London, and polite society appears to be acting on the hint given by the Shah of Persia when he inquired of the Prince of Wales, at the ball, "Why don't you employ servants to do this for you?"

THE number of all the locomotives in the world is 30,000, representing a capital of 2,500,000,000 francs. The United States have 17,200; England, 10,900; Germany, 5,700; France, 4,900; Austria, 2,700; Russia, 1,600, and Italy, 1,200.

THE statement is made that the largest annual salary paid a choir organist in New York is $2,500, and the largest paid a singer $1,500, while the total amount paid by churches for their choirs is not less than half a million dollars a year.

MRS. BURTON, widow of Captain Burton, the great African traveler, has published a book in which she foretells great peril to England, and especially to Queen Victoria, if the Queen persists in retaining possession of the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond.

AMERICANS, or players who to all intents are Americans, seem to be gaining an ascendancy in London theatres. The main attractions there, or most of them, this season, will be furnished by Jefferson, Clarke, Boucicault, Sothern, and Miss Bateman.

RAILROADS in operation in the United States at the close of 1874, 72,633 miles; in all European countries, 81,965 miles; increased mileage of railroads in Europe in 1874, 4,821 miles; in the United States, 1,940 miles. This was a great falling off, for during 1871 our roads increased 7,670.

SOMEBODY must have blundered and then practised as follows:

"Alas, how easily things go wrong!
A word too much, or a kiss too long,
And there falleth a mist and a blinding rain,
And life is never the same again."

IT is stated that about seven thousand acres are cleared of timber each weekday in the United States. Of the annual crop seventy-five million dollars' worth goes to fuel, and twice as much to fencing. The locomotives in North America consume no less than seven hundred thousand cords, or five hundred acres a year.

THE new American College of Music, in New York City, promises to be the most extensive institution of the kind in existence. The original endowment of $5,000,000, contributed anonymously, will, it is stated, shortly be supplemented by an additional of $5,000,000 by another millionaire, Mr. Daniel Hopkins.

"WE have received a poem," says a country editor, "of which the last stanza is as follows:

"'But should I unsuccessful prove
In all the fond intrigs of love—
Should they despise me and my wealth—
I'll buy a gun and shoot myself.'

On the whole, we think it the best thing the author can do. We particularly admire the last line."

THE wheelbarrow is a Chinese national institution. It has one large wheel placed in the centre of the vehicle, so that the entire load rests directly upon it. The streets of Shanghai are filled with these carriages, which ply in the place of hacks and drays. Two persons can conveniently ride in one, sitting on the wooden platform at either side of the wheel, resting one arm on a framework raised over it, and planting one foot in a stirrup of rope.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—An Acrostic. Aunt Lillie's Story.—Friendship. The Love Test. Lena Hope's Fortune. Youth and Age. What is Love?

C. E. S.—There is nothing like a walk with a bashful lover, for then he can hide his confusion; walking is more courageous than sitting; moonshine is better than sunshine. We merely throw out these ideas of our own as suggestions for you to act upon.

J. BROOKS.—The motto "Dieu et Mon Droit" (God and my Right,) was the parole of the day given by Richard I of England to his army at the battle of Gisors, in France. In this battle, the French were defeated, and in commemoration of that victory, Richard made "Dieu et Mon Droit," the motto of the Royal Arms of England; and this has been retained ever since.

M. W. W.—Feeling as you do toward the young man, and preferring the other, it is your duty to at once undeceive the former, and let him know that there is no hope whatever for him. It is all nonsense about your being afraid that it will be a "death blow to his happiness." Men are not so easily killed; they can even lose lip and arms, and even noses too, and yet survive. It is astonishing how tenacious of life they are!

G. W.—"Please settle a point on which there has been a dispute. Should anything happen to the Prince of Wales in his present trip to India, who would be the heir to the British Crown, his brother or his son?" Should any such misfortune occur, as you refer to Albert Victor. The eldest son of the Prince of Wales, born in the winter of 1864, would be the Prince of Wales, and would succeed to the throne on the death of Queen Victoria.

AN UNHAPPY WIFE.—Twenty years of married life ought to have given you more wisdom than to propose to revenge yourself on your husband by retaliation for his bad conduct. Yours is an *ex parte* statement, but we will presume that you have been, as is the case with most wives, faithful and good. Neglectful conduct on the part of the husband in that case becomes "despicable"! But we doubt whether you will not find most wisdom in endurance. What change can you make? Do you seek separation? A broken home, a ruined name, a husband rooted in his folly, must ensue. Think the matter over, and write again.

M. H. F.—Politeness in society should be governed by no set rules or phrases, although it is necessary for one to understand the general principles of social intercourse, in order to make his way gracefully in society. If a man, trusting solely to his memory, prepares in his mind what he intends to say to a lady when he is introduced to her, there are nine chances out of ten that he will forget his "nice speech" the moment he is presented, and be so "taken aback" by the circumstances, as to appear in an exceedingly awkward and ludicrous light. If it gives you pleasure to be introduced to the lady, it will be easy enough for you to tell her so, unless you are uncommonly stupid, and we would not willingly believe that of any reader of the POST.

J. McD.—The stage phrase, "Heroes of the sock and buskin," is of classical origin. "Buskin" is the English translation of the Latin word *cothurnus*, which was a kind of boot, covering the foot, and rising above the calf of the leg, sometimes reaching even as high as the knee. It was principally worn by hunters, horsemen, and persons of rank and authority. The sole of the buskin was generally of an ordinary thickness, but sometimes it was made thicker than usual by the insertion of slices of cork. The object here was to add to the stature of the wearer, for which reason it was worn by the Greek and Roman tragedians in order to give them a more heroic appearance, as the *soccus*, or low-heeled shoe was worn by the comedians. Hence the buskin and sock have come to be synonymous with tragedy and comedy.

STAR-EYES is anxious to know of a harmless cosmetic. It is a very difficult question, because we suspect that she wants a cosmetic that will make her skin as fresh and beautiful as the very cheeks of Cupid and Psyche, and we cannot tell what amount of beauty will satisfy her. We know some very pretty girls who have no other cosmetics than soap and water; and what should any young girl want more? If youth is not sufficient, nothing else will suffice. If there be dirt ingrained in the skin, a solution of common soda is an excellent detergent; but they say it injures the roots of the hair. Hair washes are good cosmetics, for they take away dandriff from the skin. A little borax dissolved in water, with a bit of camphor swimming in it, is said to be good for this, but any other cosmetic than a mere cleanser of the skin we believe to be injurious, and altogether quackish.

R. J. C.—"Can you tell me the exact variation of the magnetic needle at the present time?" The exact variation of the magnetic needle at any particular place and time can be obtained only by actual observation there and then. The variation differs in different localities, and is everywhere subject to secular, annual, and diurnal changes of varying amounts, besides aberrations from local attraction, electric currents, and other causes. Within the limits of the United States the needle varies from more than 14° west to more than 20° east of the true meridian. The secular change is, in the Northern States, about six minutes per year. While the change from Winter is much smaller, the diurnal change will sometimes amount to one minute per hour for five or six hours in succession. To ascertain the variation it would first be necessary to find the true meridian by astronomical observation, and then note the deviation of the needle from the line.

W. C. S.—Baptistery, a large basin or bath, was the name given to the building in which the sacrament of baptism was administered in the early ages of the Christian Church. They were at first separated from the churches, or basilicas to which they belonged, as they were required to accommodate a number of adult persons desirous of receiving the rite, and who were subjected to total immersion, at certain times appointed for the purpose. They were circular in form, but at first were constructed in an hexagonal or octagonal shape, paved with marble, with large basins of the same material, generally 3 feet deep, either raised above the surface of the pavement and entered by steps, or sunk below its level. Some were of the most elaborate architectural design, such as the circular baptistery of Pisa, 116 feet in diameter, three stories in height, and surmounted by a dome; and the baptistery of Florence, built of black and white marble, 100 feet in diameter, and magnificently adorned with mosaics and bronze doors. The largest ever built is the one attached to the church of St. Sophia, Constantinople.

LINDA.—"I met a young gentleman during the last summer, and liked him very much. It seemed a case of love at first sight. He called two or three times a week, then oftener, and at last we became engaged to each other, and he gave me a handsome engagement ring. Soon after this he was obliged to leave the City on business, and during his absence, though I received several very affectionate letters from him, I was informed by some friends of mine, and his too, that he was paying attentions to a young lady in the place where he was then. Now what would you advise me to do—to seek for an explanation, or send him back his ring and letters, and peremptorily break off all further intercourse with him?" It hardly seems possible that you are really in earnest in thinking of breaking off with him, without even taking the first step towards investigating the truth of the reports. Suppose you should indignantly return his ring—not his ring any longer, for he has given it to you—and the letters he has written you, and ten or twenty years hence, when youth and much of life are gone, you should find that it was all a mistake; that he had loved you devotedly and been as true as steel, but that his pride had prevented his giving an explanation which your hauteur and rashness had prevented you from asking! Every girl who is engaged, or in love, is sure at some time, in some way, from somebody, to hear something or other against the man with whom she is in love. One in sober sense would suppose that, under the circumstances she would be very cautious about giving credence to any unfavorable report. But this is not generally the case. The most inveterate, unscrupulous, mischief making gossip is too often listened to with a quick and credulous ear, when engaged in creating distrust and discord between lovers. There are two rules which may be safely observed by all lovers and engaged persons—and by the married too: First. Believe nothing against each other unless you know certainly it is true. Second. If you ascertain positively that it is true, then freely and generously forgive it, if it is a thing to be forgiven, and not a proof of wilful, downright depravity.

MISCELLANEOUS.—J. M. J.—A man may certainly be eloquent without being either educated or grammatical. ROSIE.—It is quite a matter of taste what kind of paper you use. (2.) If you are naturally inclined to get stout, nothing we can recommend will make you thin. Plenty of exercise in the open air, a frugal diet may check it somewhat. M. D.—You must pursue a long course of preparatory study before you can enter upon the study of medicine. HELEN.—You should have nothing more to do with him, such a man is no fit acquaintance for a young lady. H. A. F.—You are evidently tormenting yourself about a very trifling matter. We are sure that all will come right very soon. M. G. G.—Write more slowly and carefully; spelling is faulty; don't spell writing with two t's. FAIR PLAY.—When people agree to abide by the decision of an umpire, there should be no murmuring afterwards; his decision should be final. J. P. (Quincy.)—THANKS, but we are overstocked already.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*